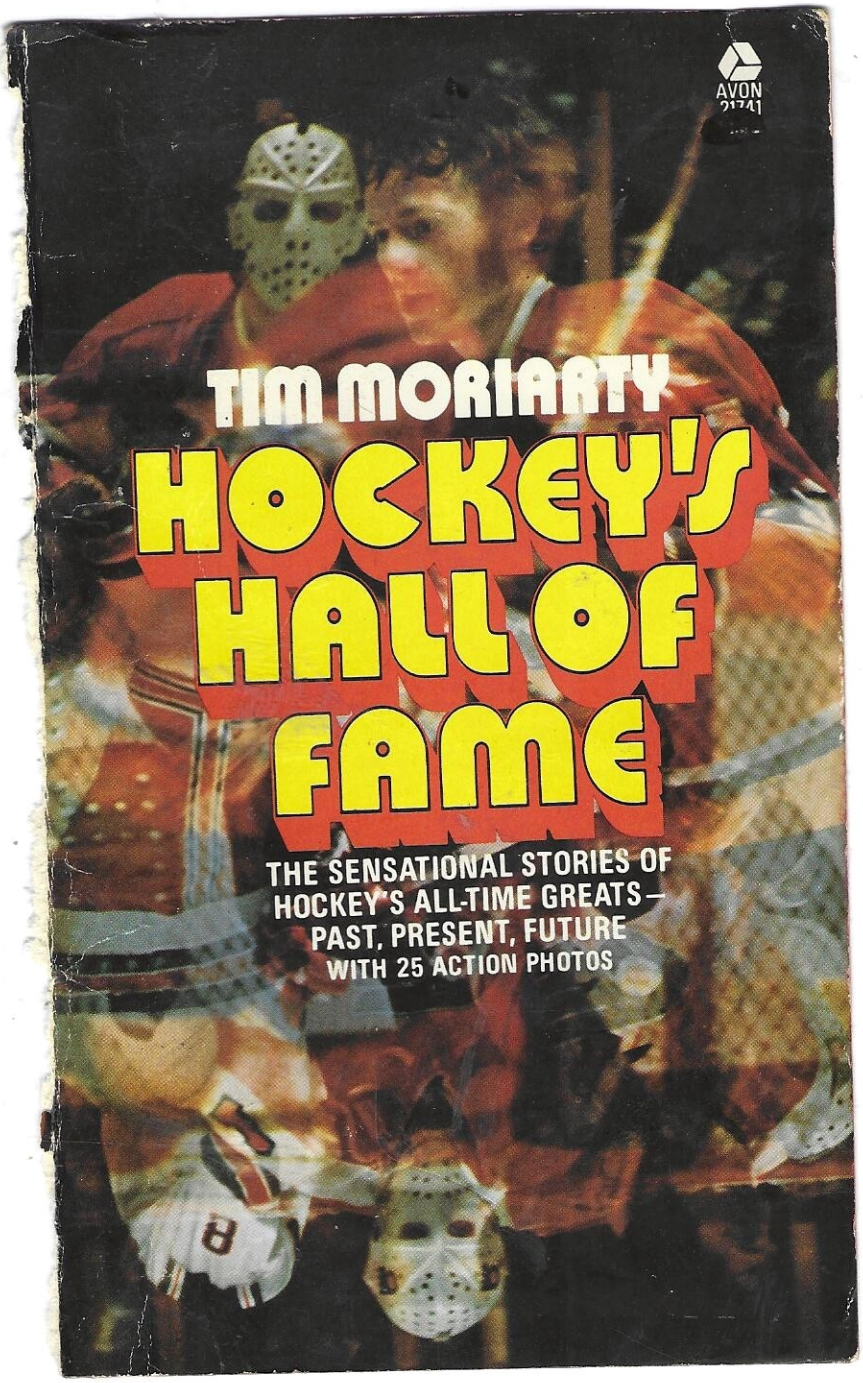
AVON
TIM MORIARTY
HOCKEY'S HALL OF FAME
THE SENSATIONAL STORIES OF HOCKEY'S ALL-TIME GREATS— PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE
WITH 25 ACTION PHOTOS

TIM MORIARTY has been covering National Hockey League games for 25 years. In addition, he contributes to a number of magazines, was associate editor of THE COMPLETE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ICE HOCKEY, and is a charter member of the National Hockey League Writers' Association. His books include THE BROTHERS ESPOSITO and THE SECRETS OF WINNING HOCKEY.

To my father, who died while this book was in its final stages, and to my mother, a tiny woman with a big heart.

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CONTENTS

Acknowledgments vi
Introduction vii
GORDIE HOWE: No. 9 1
LESTER PATRICK: The Silver Fox 13
JEAN BELIVEAU: The Gentle Giant 23
HOWIE MORENZ: *L'Homme Eclair* 37
MAURICE RICHARD: The Rocket 47
CHING JOHNSON: The Bald Eagle 59
BERNIE GEOFFRION: Boom Boom 71
EDDIE SHORE: Jekyll and Hyde 83
AUREL JOLIAT: Mighty Mite 93
MILT SCHMIDT: The Kitchener Kid 103
TERRY SAWCHUK: Hard-Luck Guy 113
TED LINDSAY: Scarface 123
KING CLANCY: The Shamrock Defender 133
FRANK BRIMSEK: The Human Icicle 143
DOUG HARVEY: Lazy Lightning 155
NELS STEWART: Ol' Poison 167
FRANK BOUCHER: Gentleman Frank 177
RED KELLY: Lady Byng's Redhead 189
CHARLIE CONACHER: Big Ben's Boys 199
DOUG and MAX BENTLEY: Dipsy Doodle Dandies 209
FUTURE HALL OF FAMERS 221

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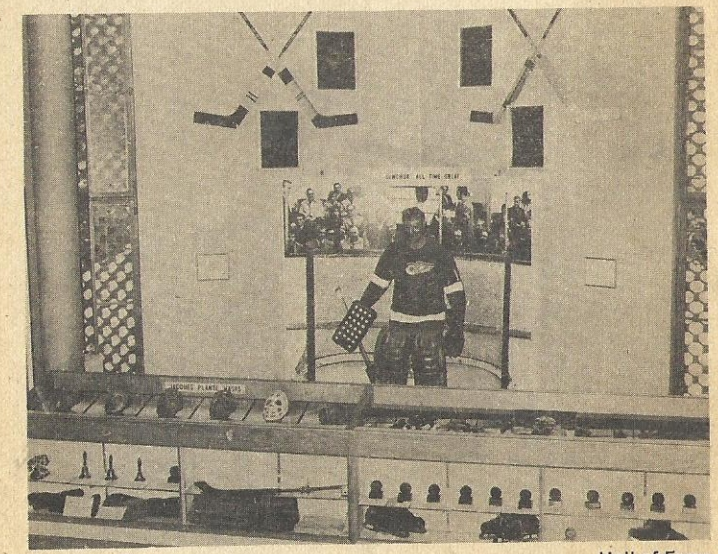
HOCKEY'S HALL OF FAME

Hall of Fame

The Hockey Hall of Fame is on the shore of Lake Ontario in Toronto.



Hall of Fame

Terry Sawchuk guards the goalie display at the Hall of Fame.

INTRODUCTION

In December 1969, the silence of a typically cold Canadian night was disrupted by the sound of two men unceremoniously picking a lock, opening to them the hallways to ice hockey's mecca—its Hall of Fame. Their eyes were set upon one prize—Canada and hockey's most revered possession, the Stanley Cup. They took it.

"The police became aware of the theft about six-thirty the next morning," recalls Maurice (Lefty) Reid, curator of the Hall of Fame. "Within twenty-four hours, the culprits became known to them. However, the thieves, both convicted felons waiting sentencing, refused to release the Cup. They wanted to negotiate a deal, a lesser sentence in return for the Cup. When the demands were not met, the thieves threatened to throw the Cup into Lake Ontario. The police told them that it would be like burning the flag and, after almost three weeks of negotiations, they finally got the two men to return the Cup."

The Hockey Hall of Fame is a low-slung white structure situated in the heart of the Canadian National Exhibition grounds in Toronto, just a slap shot from Lake Ontario. On August 26, 1961, Canadian Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, flanked by other dignitaries including National Hockey League President Clarence Campbell, officially proclaimed the opening of the building.

The building was erected as a monument to the men who have contributed most to the growth and success of hockey from its origins to the present day. Admission to the Hall of Fame is the highest honor anyone

associated with hockey can attain.

On view in its main exhibition hall are hockey's most prized trophies, including the Stanley Cup. This is the oldest trophy competed for by professional athletes in North America. It remains on exhibition from July until completion of the Stanley Cup playoffs. The Cup stays a fortnight with the winning club, is re-buffed by a silversmith, and then returned to the Hall of Fame.

Hockey's "White House"—its exterior features polished Canadian granite and white metal—also is a repository for all conceivable records dating back to the sport's birth in Canada in the 1870s.

And then there is the memorabilia of the sport—skates worn by such immortals as Howie Morenz and Newsy Lalonde, a Montreal Canadiens sweater worn by Rocket Richard, the stick and puck Phil Esposito used when he became the first NHL player to crack the one-hundred point barrier, Jacques Plante's original mask. And myriad other priceless props that symbolize hockey history.

The building itself came into being almost thirty years after it was conceived by James T. Sutherland, a one-time player and coach who served as president of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association. (CAHA).

Throughout the 1930s, Sutherland campaigned for the erection of a Hockey Hall of Fame in his hometown of Kingston, Ontario, claiming hockey had originated there. Early in 1940, Sutherland talked the CAHA and the National Hockey League into setting up a committee to select players and officials to be represented in the Hall and to arrange for the eventual construction of a building.

The first nominees to the Hall were announced in 1945. They included Aurel Joliat, Dit Clapper, Eddie Gerard, Chuck Gardiner, Howie Morenz, Lester Patrick, Eddie Shore, Georges Vezina, Cyclone Taylor, and Art Ross. Now a building was needed to house them.

The city of Kingston had promised Sutherland a site for the Hall, but there was much procrastination. Sutherland died in 1955. It was at this point that Frank Selke, the former managing director of the Montreal Canadiens, and NHL President Clarence Campbell entered the picture.

Selke and Campbell were selected by the NHL owners to form a new committee. Its purpose was to revive interest in a Hall of Fame to be located in Toronto on the CNE grounds. Further, the NHL owners, spearheaded by Jim Norris of the Chicago Black Hawks and Conn Smythe of the Toronto Maple Leafs, promised to provide funds for the project.

In late autumn of 1959, the committee met at the architects' office in Toronto to discuss the tentative site for the Hall on the CNE grounds. It was not an ideal site, according to Selke, and during the meeting he mentioned this to George Bell, Parks Commissioner of Toronto.

"Why did you select this site if you don't like it?" Bell asked

"Because it is the only one that has been offered to us," Selke answered.

Bell unfurled a map of the CNE grounds and pointed to the middle of the park.

"Why don't you put your building here?" he asked.

Selke said, "No one said we could have it."

"You never asked for it," Bell retorted.

"Okay," said Selke, "I'm asking for it now."

Bell granted the request and, according to Selke, "That's how we obtained the best spot in all Canada for the building of our Hall of Fame."

One of the architects of the building was Roper Guinlock, a former amateur hockey player. He had been a teammate of Smythe's on the Toronto Varsity club that defeated a Selke-coached team from Kitchener in the semifinals of the Ontario Junior playoffs in 1915. Following service with the Canadian Army in World War I, Guinlock became an architect.

"Perhaps we could be forgiven for patronage when

we selected his firm to draw the plans," Selke said. "Certainly his firm came up with an outstanding design and supervised an excellent job of construction for us."

The owners of the six NHL clubs (this was before expansion) pledged $200,000 each to cover all construction costs. It was money well spent.

The building comprises three levels—the main exhibition hall at ground level, a mezzanine level, and a basement. The mezzanine features a theater, which can seat one hundred for movies, and a library of manuscripts and other documents. The basement area includes storage rooms and a workshop.

The main hall is approximately 130 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 18 feet high. It has serrated walls, covered in a Japanese vinyl fabric, and free-standing columns.

Guinlock, in drawing up the plans, included a series of narrow, vertical window slots to provide an element of airiness, as well as designing a form of external solar grille screens on each window. The central area is lighted by fluorescent fixtures. Incandescent lights on gooseneck fixtures illuminate side walls and spotlight individual displays.

The site is beautifully landscaped by the Toronto Parks Department with flower beds, a major fountain, patios, and grassy areas. In front of the building, there is a long platform with flagpoles from which the colors of NHL teams are flown on major occasions.

Lefty Reid, the curator, a one-time Toronto sportswriter, has been responsible for installing exhibits at the Hall since succeeding the late Bobby Hewitson, the Hall's first curator, in 1967. "Today's hockey fan wants to see the present as well as the past when he visits the Hall," Reid explains.

In an attempt to fill this need for interesting features on hockey's contemporary heroes, Reid is constantly in search of materials that can be used in suitable displays.

Following the 1972 series of exhibition games between Team Canada and the Soviet Union, Reid supervised the installation of an exhibit that marked this confrontation between two great hockey powers. The exhibit included life-size models of Russian and Canadian players in their official uniforms, an audiovisual presentation, and a scaled mock-up of the position of the players on the ice when Toronto's Paul Henderson scored the winning goal for Team Canada in the climactic eighth game.

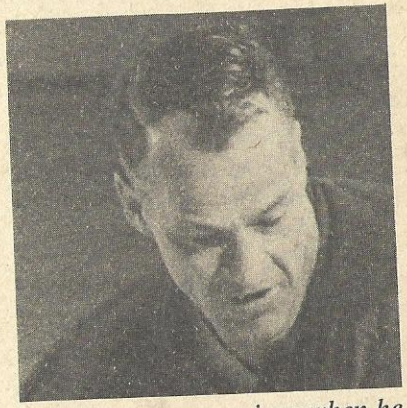
Hockey's growth from six NHL teams in 1966 to eighteen in 1974 has also produced expansion at the Hall of Fame. The administrative offices were moved to the mezzanine level in 1972 to make room on the ground floor for more exhibits.

The total number of items on exhibit or stored in the Hall is in the thousands. Included are more than one hundred historic hockey sticks, plus countless pucks and prized photos.

Selection to the Hall of Fame is in the hands of an eleven-man committee. The chairman is Frank Selke; Reid serves as the committee's secretary. Its other members include former players, club executives, and members of the news media.

The eligibility requirements for candidates to the Hall follow:

- Any person who is or has been distinguished in hockey as a player, executive, or as a referee shall be eligible for election.
- Player and referee candidates will normally have completed their active participating careers three years prior to election, but in exceptional cases this period may be shortened by the Governing Committee.
- Candidates for election shall be chosen on the basis of playing ability, integrity, character, and their contributions to their team and the game of hockey in general.



Gordie was unconscious when he was carried from the ice on a stretcher and taken to a Detroit hospital with severe brain damage, a bruised cheekbone, and a broken nose. He underwent surgery to relieve pressure on the brain, and for several hours it was questionable if he would survive the ordeal.

GORDIE HOWE: No. 9

The man with No. 9 on his back swooped through the slot like Jonathan Livingston Seagull as the puck came loose and bounced at his feet. He drew his stick back and, with a flick of his powerful wrists, fired the puck off the pads of the goaltender and into the net.

It was an incredible and poignant scene. On that night of September 25, 1973, Gordie Howe lived up to his reputation as hockey's living legend—the only man to return to the game after being elected to the Hall of Fame.

And he did it all with a flourish that lifted the 7,092 fans at Madison Square Garden out of their seats and left them cheering wildly.

Who else could have returned to the game after a two-year retirement and scored a goal on his first shot? And at the advanced age of forty-five? Only Gordie Howe.

He had left the Detroit Red Wings' organization in a huff three months earlier, resigning as a vice president in charge of nothing to join sons Marty and Mark as members of the Houston Aeros of the World Hockey Association. Under the terms of Gordie Howe's four-year, million-dollar contract with Houston, he agreed to play one season and then become a club executive. Thus he became the first pro athlete to play with his sons on a major-league team.

This was the same man who once played an entire season—his first as a pro—for $2,500. At the height of his brilliant career he averaged between $25,000 and $30,000. And it wasn't until his twenty-fifth and final year with the Red Wings that his salary reached six figures.

Gordie Howe, during his quarter of a century in the National Hockey League, set twenty-six records. He helped make the NHL what it is today—a far-flung, powerful octopus that expanded from six to eighteen teams in seven years (1967–74). Yet it wasn't until he elected to "jump" to the rival WHA that he finally earned a superstar's salary.

Howe was 46 years old when he completed his first season with Houston. And what a season that was! He finished third in the WHA scoring race with 100 points (31 goals, 69 assists), was named the league's Most Valuable Player, and then helped Houston win the Avco Trophy as playoff champions.

Years from now, when people ask about the greatness of Gordie Howe, they will have the unqualified words of his contemporaries to consider and savor. For example:

Bobby Hull: "Gordie was likely the greatest who ever played or ever will play."

Jean Beliveau: "He was the best I ever saw. He could do everything right . . . and so beautifully."

Bobby Orr: "Gordie will be remembered as the greatest. . . . He did everything."

Yes, Gordie Howe did everything. And he did it so well. The scoring records he set with the Red Wings are now a part of history. They include most regular-season goals (786), most career goals including playoffs (853), most assists (1,114), and most points (1,967). And he played a record 1,841 games.

But this thick-muscled, 205-pound six-footer made other contributions during his career for which no statistics are available. In addition to taking his regular

shifts at right wing, he was the triggerman on the Red Wings' power play and helped kill penalties. And there were occasions when he even played defense.

"Hell, Gordie would have donned the pads and played goal, too, if somebody asked him to," said Alex Delvecchio, his teammate for twenty years.

Goaltending wouldn't have been a strange position for Howe. "I was a goalie for a couple of years as a kid back home," he once disclosed. Back home was Floral, Saskatchewan, a town on the outskirts of Saskatoon. Gordon Howe was born there on March 31, 1928, the fourth of nine children. When he was three months old, his family moved from a farm in Floral to a two-story clapboard house in Saskatoon.

Howe got his first skates when he was five years old. It was 1933 and Saskatoon was in the depths of the Depression. "There were a lot of people on social aid," Howe's mother, Catherine, recalled years later. "A neighbor lady whose husband was sick came to the door with a grain sack filled with things and asked me if I would buy it to help feed her baby.

"I didn't have much to offer, but I reached into my milk money and gave her a dollar and a half. Gordie pounced on the sack and out fell a pair of skates. He grabbed one skate and his sister, Edna, grabbed the other. Gordie pestered his sister for the other skate and a week later she agreed to sell it to him for ten cents. I raided the milk money again and gave him the dime to pay his sister."

The skates were size six, too big for Gordie. He stuffed the toes with rags and set off for a nearby rink. Every day he would stagger home from the rink for supper, covered with snow from countless tumbles. But he was learning to skate on his oversized, secondhand blades.

At the age of eleven, he shifted from goaltending to right wing. From that year on, neither he nor the game of hockey would ever be quite the same. He was thirteen and in his first year of high school when his formal education ended. He gained employment on

farms around Saskatoon; during the summer he worked for a construction company, lugging eighty-five-pound bags of cement.

By the time he was fifteen, Gordie Howe weighed 200 pounds and was heavily muscled. It was then that his hockey-playing talents attracted the attention of Fred McCorry, a scout for the New York Rangers. McCorry invited Howe to the Rangers' training camp at Winnipeg. It was September 1943.

Howe arrived in the Rangers' camp carrying a small bag that contained a shirt, a set of underwear, a toothbrush, and his skates. Several days later, lonely, homesick, and rejected, the fifteen-year-old farm boy was on his way back to Saskatoon.

Once the Rangers lost interest in him, a scout for the Red Wings, Fred Pinkney, moved in and invited Howe to Detroit's training camp at Windsor, Ontario, in 1944. Jack Adams was then boss of the Red Wings. He never forgot the first day he set eyes on Gordie.

"He was a big, rangy youngster who skated so easily and always seems so perfectly balanced," Adams recalled. "It tickled me to watch him. I called him over to the boards and said, 'What's your name, son?' A lot of kids that age [sixteen] choke up when they start talking to you. But he just looked me in the eye and said real easy, 'My name's Howe.' I then remember saying, 'If you practice hard enough and try hard enough, maybe you'll make good someday.' "

Howe signed a Detroit contract for a $500 bonus and a Red Wing jacket. He spent his first year as a pro with the Wings' Omaha farm club, and more than earned his salary of $2,500 by scoring twenty-two goals and twenty-two assists. That gained him a promotion to the Red Wings for the start of the 1946–47 season. He was eighteen years old.

"All I wanted to do was last out the season so I could return home and tell people I played with the Red Wings," he said.

Gordie Howe survived that season—and twenty-four more with Detroit.

He scored his first NHL goal in his first game. It was October 16, 1946, the day the luxury liner *Queen Elizabeth* sailed on her maiden voyage. That night the Red Wings played the Toronto Maple Leafs at Detroit's Olympia. With slightly more than seven minutes remaining in the second period, Sid Abel took a pass from Adam Brown, fired a shot, and Howe put the rebound under Toronto goaltender Turk Broda.

"I don't remember much about the goal I scored that first night and I didn't save the puck," Howe said. "But I still wound up with a couple of souvenirs. I lost two teeth. One got knocked out when I caught an elbow in a corner and another went dead after that game and I had to have it pulled."

Howe scored only six other goals that season and was not a factor in the voting for the Rookie-of-the-Year award, which went to Toronto's Howie Meeker. In fact, he didn't attain stardom until his fourth year (1949–50), when he scored thirty-five goals—matching his total for his three previous seasons—and finished third in the NHL scoring race behind linemates Ted Lindsay and Abel.

By this time, the Howe-Lindsay-Abel "Production Line" was being hailed as one of the best in history. They were the players the Maple Leafs figured they had to stop when the Stanley Cup playoffs opened in Detroit on March 28, 1950. Howe was stopped that night by a collision with Toronto's Ted Kennedy. It almost cost him his life.

The Red Wings were trailing 4–0, in the third period when Howe attempted to check Kennedy along the left boards. Kennedy stopped short and Howe tumbled face-first into the thick wooden sideboards.

Gordie was unconscious when he was carried from the ice on a stretcher and taken to a Detroit hospital with severe brain damage, a bruised cheekbone, and a broken nose. He underwent surgery to relieve pressure on the brain and for several hours it was questionable if he would survive the ordeal.

Two days later, following a visit from his mother,

Scotty Kilpatrick

Gordie Howe in his heyday with the Red Wings.

who flew from Saskatoon to be at her son's bedside, Howe rallied. He was released from the hospital in time to watch the Red Wings win the Stanley Cup by beating the Rangers in the seventh game of the final series.

Friends and teammates of Howe wondered how the injury would affect his play. Would he now become gun-shy and avoid bodily contact? Gordie dispelled those doubts quickly. The following season (1950–51) he scored forty-three goals and won his first of a record six scoring championships. And at the end of the 1951–52 season he won his first of a record six Hart Trophies as the league's Most Valuable Player.

It was at this point in his career that Howe started to supplant Rocket Richard as the game's greatest right-winger. Howe replaced Richard on the NHL's first All-Star team in 1951. Five times in the next seven years, Howe was number one, Richard number two.

Richard retired in 1960 with a record 544 regular-season goals. Howe then had 446 for fourteen seasons. It was only a matter of time before that record, too, belonged to Howe. He tied it and then broke it in two games against Richard's old Montreal team in 1963.

Howe got number 544 by beating Lorne (Gump) Worsley of the Canadiens in a game at Detroit, October 28, 1963. During the Canadiens' next visit to Detroit on November 10, Howe bagged number 545. It was a shorthanded goal, and this time Charlie Hodge was the victim.

Montreal fans were quick to point out that Richard played 978 games while Howe needed 1,132 games to break the record. It was the same argument that surrounded Hank Aaron's assault on Babe Ruth's home-run record. There existed other parallels between these famed record-setters.

Richard was the Babe Ruth of his day—colorful, explosive, bombastic. Howe possessed most of Aaron's qualities—quiet and subdued, unselfish and extremely modest.

It remained for Richard, though, to provide the

final decision on who was the better player. Said the Rocket: "Howe was a better all-round player than I was. But I think he could have been a greater player if he had showed more enthusiasm."

Richard, like many people, watched Howe's easy-does-it style of skating and considered it indifference. But there was nothing indifferent about the way he fired the puck (one of his shots was once timed at 114.2 miles per hour) nor the way he fired punches when he became angry.

Boxing managers always marveled at Howe's physique—the thick neck (size seventeen), sloping shoulders, powerful wrists and forearms—and predicted he could have become a challenger for the world heavyweight championship. Lou Fontinato considered Howe a combination of Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis, Rocky Marciano, and George Foreman after his losing fight with Gordie during the 1958–59 season.

Fontinato, then a defenseman with the Rangers, had rushed to the rescue of teammate Eddie Shack, who came out a tangle with Howe with a cut that required three stitches. Fontinato smashed Howe into the boards as a form of retribution. That's when Howe went to work. He grabbed Fontinato's jersey with his left hand, then uncorked a series of vicious rights. The Ranger toughie had to be taken to a hospital for repairs of his battered features, including a broken nose.

Howe was as good with his elbows as he was with his fists. King Clancy, the former coach of the Maple Leafs, called Howe "The Wiper." In explaining the nickname, Clancy said, "Have you ever watched anybody scraping ice off a windshield? Well, that's Gordie and his elbows."

Eric Nesterenko also made clever use of his elbows when he played with the Chicago Black Hawks, but he was no match for Howe. "Gordie always played on the outer edge of the rule book," Nesterenko said. "And you never knew when he was going to slip over into what's dirty."

Howe used his stick for purposes other than scoring

goals. He was so adroit at high-sticking or tripping an opponent that referees had trouble catching him in the act.

Bryan Watson remembers a game he played against Howe during the 1963–64 season. "I was a rookie with the Canadiens and I knocked Gordie to the ice with a good check, took the puck away from him, and headed up ice. I could hear somebody rushing up behind me. It was Gordie. He finally caught me, raised his stick, and stuck it under my nose. I figured he was going to cut me to pieces, but all he said was 'Check out, Junior.' I was so scared I fell down."

Bob Goldham was with the Red Wings when they ruled the NHL in the early Fifties. He, too, remembers Howe. "Gordie had a mild mean streak in him," Goldham said. "But I don't think he ever went looking for trouble. He wanted respect. There was trouble when he didn't get it."

Goaltenders always respected Howe and his ability to fire the puck. Gump Worsley, who surrendered Gordie's 500th goal in 1962 and his record-tying 544th in 1963, was also the victim of number 600. Following that game at Montreal on November 27, 1965, Worsley moaned, "Why does that big guy keep picking on me?"

The truth is Howe kept picking on all goalies. He reached the 700-goal mark on December 4, 1968, by beating Les Binkley at Pittsburgh. The following season, Howe was named to the NHL's first All-Star team for a record twelfth time. Altogether, he was picked either for the first or second team twenty-one times—another record.

The man goaltenders couldn't stop finally was slowed down by arthritis in his left wrist during the 1970–71 season. Reduced now to being a one-handed player, he scored twenty-three goals in sixty-three games—a respectable figure for most forwards but not up to Howe's own standards.

When Howe accounted for his goal number 786 against Chicago's Tony Esposito on April 3, 1971,

he retrieved the puck and took it home to his wife, Colleen. "She wanted to know what it represented and I said that it might be my final NHL goal."

It was. On September 9, 1971, Gordie Howe announced he had played his last game—for the Detroit Red Wings. He was made a vice president of the club and given an office in a remote area of the sprawling Olympia. He spent two miserable years in that job.

"They gave me the mushroom treatment," he said. "They kept me in the dark and every once in a while somebody would come in and throw garbage on me."

Howe gave no hint of his disillusionment with the Red Wings' brass when he showed up in Toronto in 1972 for his installation into the Hall of Fame. A year later he turned in his resignation to club president Bruce Norris. He was off to Houston and a new career.

His jump to a rival league shocked some members of the NHL establishment. Sid Abel, his old linemate and former coach, said, "Gordie has a very short memory. I remember him saying what a great thrill it was to be in the Hall of Fame and how great the NHL had always been to him."

Howe said he accepted the Houston offer because he wanted "to fulfill a dream of playing on the same team with my boys."

His departure from Detroit brought to mind a line from Richard Bach's book, *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*. To wit: "I am outcast. . . . One school is finished and the time has come for another to begin."

Though he was forty-four years old and had virtually no previous experience as a goalie, he donned Chabot's blood-soaked pads and skated onto the ice. As he went through his warmup, Patrick told his players, "You guys had better protect me and check like you've never checked in your life."

LESTER PATRICK: THE SILVER FOX

They called Lester Patrick "the Silver Fox" for obvious reasons. His hair turned silver with age, and throughout his entire career as a player, coach, general manager, and club owner he was a foxy rascal. And a little tight-fisted.

Babe Pratt was a king-sized defenseman who, while playing for the New York Rangers in the late thirties, engaged in numerous contract squabbles with Patrick. Pratt was paid more when he was traded to Toronto. And he played better, earning All-Star status.

Lester Patrick was amazed when Pratt was named winner of the Hart Trophy as the National Hockey League's Most Valuable Player in 1944. They confronted each other and Patrick asked, "How come you didn't play as well for me in New York?"

Pratt winked and said, "Lester, now that I'm being paid enough to eat on, I'm finally getting the wrinkles out of my belly."

Yes, Lester Patrick was a penny-pincher. But he wasn't a devious man. When Walter Brown was running the Boston Bruins he once said, "I'd sooner have Lester Patrick's handshake than all the documents a lawyer could conceive."

Babe Pratt was a recipient of many Patrick handshakes—and a few tongue-lashings, too.

"Lester was the greatest coach a team ever had when

you were losing," Pratt said. "He never got on you and made it any worse. But when you were winning" —and here Pratt winced from a long-ago lash "—Lester was the toughest boss who ever lived. He couldn't stomach us making any mental lapses."

Perhaps that was because Patrick was a perfectionist himself. He worked long and hard to become a great defenseman during hockey's infancy, and this dedication carried over to his days as a coach and club executive.

Patrick also was a great innovator. As a player, he was the game's first rushing defenseman and a dangerous scorer, totaling 146 goals in 19 seasons. As a coach, he introduced the system of changing lines while the puck was in play instead of waiting for a stoppage of action.

And together with his younger brother, Frank, he added new wrinkles in the game like the forward pass, the goal crease, the blue line, the penalty shot, and uniform numbers.

Lester Patrick was born in Drummondville, Quebec, on December 30, 1883. His father was in the lumber business and the family eventually settled in Montreal, where Lester played an early form of street hockey.

A clearer insight into Lester Patrick's formative years is provided by a portion of an unpublished autobiography he wrote following his retirement. It reads in part:

> I was a ringer for many street clubs (in Montreal). By that I mean each street had its own kids' team and I found plenty of action each day in these street contests. Sometimes the games were played without skates. . . .
>
> I passed through all the grades [schools] and after high school I enrolled at McGill University. My father pulled me out of McGill after my freshman year to go to work. I started as an office boy in my father's business and eventually was promoted to branch manager. . . .

In the spring of 1903 I got the bug to go west and become a cowboy. I was a few months past nineteen years of age. My father bought me a train ticket to Calgary. It had a sixty-day return ticket to Montreal. My father must have figured I'd be back long before the ticket expired. However, fate had determined otherwise.

I arrived in Calgary in June, 1903. I was soon disillusioned regarding a cowboy's life. The only job I could muster was one that would give me twenty dollars a month (plus board) and it was pointed out to me by the various foremen that the hours were from sunrise to sunset. I was through with ranch life right there. . . .

Then I got myself a job with the Canadian Pacific Railroad as a rodman on a survey gang. Our main work was to plan and plot a big irrigation ditch in Alberta—the source of supply being the Bow River. I remained on survey until we were frozen out in the fall.

I was given free transportation to Montreal in late October by the company, but decided to stop off at Brandon, Manitoba, to see three players who had been imported to that town from Montreal. On arrival in Brandon, I was persuaded to remain there for the winter and play hockey for the local team. My last hockey had been of the intermediate brand and the only position on the club that was vacant was the point. I had been a rover in the seven-man game during all of my previous years in hockey.

The records will show that we won the Manitoba Hockey League championship that season (1903–4). And in March of '04, we played the Ottawa Silver Seven at Ottawa for the Stanley Cup. My first experience in the playoffs. We were defeated—natch.

Lester was reunited with his family in Montreal in time to play with the Westmount Senior Club during

the 1904–5 season. The following year, he joined the Montreal Wanderers, who dethroned Ottawa as Stanley Cup champions. "I had just passed my twenty-second birthday," he wrote, "and while I enjoyed a great many thrills throughout my career, this was to be my number one thrill."

In the spring of 1907, the Wanderers traveled west to Winnipeg and again won the Stanley Cup by defeating the Kenora Thistles. During his first three years in pro hockey, Lester Patrick had been a member of two Stanley Cup champions. Yet he was not a true "pro" under hockey's weird structure at that point in time.

He wrote: "The game's players then were a mixture of amateurs and professionals. There was no strong A.A.U. . . . I must surmise that each Province ran its own sports affairs. I certainly recall that a professional and an amateur . . . could play against each other without the amateur losing his amateur status. Professionalism of the present variety was not to be a *fait accompli* until the 1907–08 season."

The Patrick family pulled up stakes again in 1907 and settled in Nelson, British Columbia. Lester played for a local team there for one year and was a member of the Edmonton team in 1909 that traveled to Montreal to face his old Wanderer teammates for the Stanley Cup.

"We were defeated by the Wanderers in a two-game, total-goal series," Lester wrote. "Most of the players on the Edmonton invaders had been well paid, but my father would not permit me to take any money, except actual out-of-pocket expenses."

Never again would Lester Patrick play for expenses only. He was "beseiged with telegrams asking my terms" in the fall of 1909. Most of the offers came from teams in Eastern Canada, including one from a team in Renfrew, Ontario.

I finally sold my father on the idea that professionalism was here to stay. I studied the various propositions. Renfrew was one of them. It was

a little town of about 3,500 population located about seventy miles west of Ottawa.

I did not want to play there as I felt the town was too small in which to spend a whole winter. I answered their wire as a matter of courtesy and demanded $3,000 plus all expenses, for a twelve-game season. I believed this figure to be impossible to obtain. In no other case had I gone over $1,800.

Imagine my surprise when Renfrew replied okaying my proposition. No other club had wanted me at the figures I submitted. My brother Frank was to join Renfrew also. He received $2,000 plus expenses.

The Patrick brothers spent two years in Renfrew, then wound up back in Western Canada in 1911 and formed the Pacific Coast Hockey Association. Lester was then only twenty-eight and Frank was twenty-six, but both were men of great vision; they supervised the construction of Canada's first artificial ice rinks in Vancouver and Victoria.

The Vancouver arena, constructed at a cost of $175,000 was then the largest in Canada. It had an ice surface that measured 210 feet by 85 feet and a seating capacity of 10,000. The Victoria arena also had a full-size ice surface and seated 4,000. Lester was the player-owner in Victoria; Frank operated and played for Vancouver.

Once they introduced pro hockey to Western Canada, the Patricks needed players to fill their buildings. They got them by raiding teams in the National Hockey Association. It was similar to the raids conducted by the World Hockey Association when it was formed as a rival to the National Hockey League sixty years later.

When Frank and I introduced hockey to the coast cities, we decided we would have the best. There were no standardized contracts in those

days. Professional players were hired from season to season and there were no option clauses for the following year. In other words, hockey of the pro brand was still in swaddling clothes.

We invaded the East and came to terms with many name players. There were no signed contracts, merely an exchange of telegrams or letters. This situation was to prevail for some years before standardized contracts were instituted.

The question might be asked—how did we manage to get these players? It was not difficult. Money was the answer. I remember an owner once telling me that he acquired a player by "offering him so much money he couldn't refuse." I guess that is what we did in 1911.

It didn't take the PCHA long to reach parity with its rivals in Eastern Canada. Only three years, to be exact. In the spring of 1915, the Vancouver Millionaires swept their three-game series against Ottawa to win the Stanley Cup. The champions' manager, coach, and star point man was Frank Patrick.

Lester Patrick continued to play defense until 1922, when he retired to devote full time to his duties as coach and general manager of the Victoria Cougars. He directed the Cougars to the Stanley Cup championship in 1925. The following season, at the age of forty-two, Lester came out of retirement and played defense for Victoria, which went all the way to the final of the Stanley Cup playoffs before bowing to the Montreal Maroons.

The hockey empire built by the Patricks in Western Canada was sold to the NHL for $272,000 in 1926. That's when Lester Patrick headed East again, taking over as coach of the newly organized New York Rangers. Among the players he brought with him to New York were Bill and Bun Cook and Frank Boucher. They formed a scintillating line that led the Rangers to the NHL's American Division championship in their first year in the league. A year later, the Rangers won

Hall of Fame

At forty-four, Lester Patrick had a memorable night in goal.

the Stanley Cup—with Lester Patrick in goal! Well, for one game, anyway.

This most memorable game was played in the Montreal Forum on the night of April 7, 1928. The Rangers were opposing the Montreal Maroons in the second game of the Stanley Cup playoff finals. The teams were locked in a scoreless tie in the second period when Lorne Chabot, the Ranger goaltender, was struck above the left eye by a shot fired by Nels Stewart of the Maroons.

Chabot slumped to the ice, unconscious. He was carried off on a stretcher, blood gushing from a deep gash on his brow, and taken to the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal.

Now the Rangers were in deep trouble. Major-league teams in those days did not carry a spare goaltender. Patrick conferred with Eddie Gerard, the coach of the Maroons, and asked for permission to use Alex Connell, a goalie for the Ottawa Senators who was seated in the stands.

Gerard turned down the request. He must have had a short memory. Six years earlier, Patrick had granted Toronto permission to use the same Gerard as a substitute for an injured player during a playoff game against Lester's Victoria club.

Lester Patrick, fuming at Gerard's rebuff, then made his decision. Though he was forty-five years old and had virtually no previous experience as a goalie, he donned Chabot's blood-soaked pads and skated onto the ice. As he went through his warmup, Patrick told his players, "You guys had better protect me and check like you've never checked in your life."

The Rangers checked so well that the Maroons had difficulty sustaining an attack. And when the Maroons did get a shot on goal, the Silver Fox turned it aside.

Early in the third period, Bill Cook broke the scoreless tie when he split the Montreal defense and flipped the puck behind Clint Benedict. The Maroons then counterattacked fiercely and with 5:40 left in regulation time, Patrick finally cracked. Stewart, who had dispatched Chabot to the hospital, beat the Ranger coach-turned-goaltender with a clever feint and shot. That sent the game into sudden-death overtime.

The Maroons, cognizant of Patrick's advanced years, the strangeness of the position he was trying to fill, and the growing weight of his cumbersome equipment, launched another all-out attack. But in their anxiety to beat the old man in goal, they surrendered the puck with seven minutes gone in the extra session. Boucher picked it up and set sail down ice. He outskated the Maroons' defense, swerved toward the goal, and fooled Benedict with a low shot.

Years later, Jim Burchard, a reporter for the New York *World-Telegram*, composed a poem in tribute to Patrick's historic effort. In part, it read:

> The final score was two to one.
> Old Lester met the test.
> The Rangers finally won the Cup,
> But Les has since confessed:
> "I just spoke up to cheer the boys,
> I must have been delirious.
> But now, in reminiscence,
> I'm glad they took me serious."

The Rangers won the Cup again under Patrick's dual leadership of general manager–coach in 1933. Their third Cup championship came in 1940. Lester's sons, Muzz and Lynn, were members of that team, but by this time the elder Patrick had surrendered the coaching duties to Frank Boucher to concentrate on his duties as GM.

Some friction developed between Boucher and Patrick during World War II, and in 1946, twenty years after he helped organize the Rangers, Lester Patrick severed all connections with the team. He returned to his home in Victoria, where he died on June 1, 1960.

"Rarely has the career of an athlete been so exemplary. By his courage, his sense of discipline and honor, his intelligence and finesse, his magnificent team spirit, Jean Beliveau has given new prestige to hockey."

JEAN BELIVEAU: THE GENTLE GIANT

It is June 9, 1971, and more than two hundred members of the news media are in Montreal for pro hockey's annual summer meetings. At midday, they gather in the Grand Salon of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel for a press conference called by the Montreal Canadiens.

Jean Beliveau enters the large, high-ceilinged room looking as impressive and awesome in a summer-weight business suit as he always looked in his Montreal uniform. He spends several minutes exchanging pleasantries with the newsmen. Then he moves to a podium, adjusts the attached microphone, and announces he has played his last game for the Canadiens.

Standing against a wall at the rear of the room is a husky, red-haired man with broad shoulders and a deep suntan. Few in the gathering recognize the man, for this is a hockey crowd and the uninvited guest is a major-league baseball player.

"I had to come and hear Jean say good-bye," said Rusty Staub, the baseball player who was then a member of the Montreal Expos. "I've learned so much from him—just watching the way he handles himself. When the day comes that I have to call it quits, I hope I can handle it with half his poise."

Beliveau, then two months shy of his fortieth birth-

day, was typically modest during his farewell speech. He thanked all those he had come in contact with during his eighteen seasons with the Canadiens. He told of the pleasures he had derived from playing hockey and admitted it had been difficult to arrive at his retirement decision.

"It is hard, but I will play no more," he said in his basso-profundo voice. "I only hope I have made a contribution to a great game."

Jean Beliveau's contributions to hockey are a part of its history and record books. George (Punch) Imlach called him "the best who ever came down the pike." No small praise from a man who spent a good part of his adult life coaching teams that tried to stop Montreal's "Flying Frenchmen" and their leader, Jean Beliveau.

At the time of his retirement, Beliveau ranked as the most prolific scoring center in the history of pro hockey. He appeared in 1,125 regular season games, scored 507 goals and 712 assists for 1,219 points. Like his old teammate, Rocket Richard, Beliveau was a tremendous playoff player. He totaled 79 goals and a record 97 assists in 162 playoff games. He appeared in 16 consecutive playoffs, another record, and a total of 17 in 18 years.

And then there were the team and individual awards. Beliveau was a member of ten Stanley Cup championship teams and ten pennant-winners. He was named six times to the NHL's first All-Star team and four times to the second team. He won the Hart (Most Valuable Player) Trophy twice. He was the first winner of the Conn Smythe Trophy as most valuable player in the playoffs (1965).

Jean Beliveau made other contributions to hockey and to the Montreal team and to humanity in general that are not noted in the record books. He has always been considerate of youngsters, especially the underprivileged.

"I'll tell you what kind of a guy Jean is," Rusty Staub said. "You know how athletes are called upon

to visit hospitals, clinics, etc., when they go out of town to make public appearances. Well, if Jean is in some strange city, he'll take a couple of hours and slip out on his own—without telling anyone—and visit some sick kids and just sit and chat with them."

When the Canadiens held a Jean Beliveau Night in the Montreal Forum on March 24, 1971, Jean refused to accept any gifts for himself. Instead, he turned over $150,000 to a Jean Beliveau Fund for needy children.

On that March night in 1971, the Prime Minister of Canada was among those who helped honor Beliveau. Said Pierre Trudeau, "Rarely has the career of an athlete been so exemplary. By his courage, his sense of discipline and honor, his intelligence and finesse, his magnificent team spirit, Jean Beliveau has given new prestige to hockey."

You might be inclined to dismiss those remarks as typical palaver from a typical politician, but Pierre Trudeau was most sincere—mainly because he was discussing the achievements of such a sincere person.

Dignity, courage, dedication—those are the words most often used to describe Jean Beliveau. Dick Duff played with and against the former altar boy from Victoriaville, Quebec, who grew into a six-foot, three-inch "Gentle Giant."

Duff, who was one of the most articulate players in the National Hockey League, said, "It's his quiet dignity. Jean is so unassuming for a guy of his stature. When something had to be done—a presentation or something—we were all happy to have Jean handle it—in English or in French.

"I remember when I was playing for Toronto and we knew we had to stop Beliveau. Bob Pulford would be assigned to him. Pully was supposed to bump him all night to slow him down. But the guy kept going. He had so much courage, so much determination."

Toe Blake was Beliveau's coach for thirteen years. He claims he never saw big Jean lose his temper. "Jean was an easy guy to handle, a coach's dream," Blake

said. "The thing that amazed me was that he always controlled himself in spite of all his obligations. In the same position, with the same pressures, I know I'd have cracked. But Jean seldom blew his top. I guess the only thing you can call that is dignity."

And how about Beliveau's talents as a player?

"A very unselfish player," Duff said. "Jean had great moves and great range because he was so tall. Anybody playing with him was certain to wind up with a lot of goals. . . . I think Jean would have scored more goals over the years if he shot more, but he was always looking to set up his wingers."

One of Beliveau's great wingmen was Bernie (Boom Boom) Geoffrion. Said the Boomer: "I played with Jean for twelve years and he was the greatest center ever. . . . Playing with a guy like that you never had to look for the puck. It would be right there—right on your stick. He was all class, on and off the ice."

Jean Beliveau was a Depression child. He was born on August 31, 1931, in Trois-Rivières, Quebec, halfway between Montreal and Quebec City. There were babies born on both sides of the United States-Canada border at that time who died of hunger and malnutrition. Jean was never conscious of want or poverty as he grew up.

"My father was always working," he recalls. "There was plenty to eat and we had good houses, frame houses with a wood stove on the ground floor and a wood-burning furnace in the cellar. My father worked for Shawinigan Power as a repairman, a lineman, and he took good care of us."

The Beliveau family moved from Trois-Rivières when Jean was three years old. There was a short period of residence in Plessisville, Quebec, then the family settled for good in Victoriaville, about forty miles south of the Saint Lawrence, between Drummondsville and Quebec City.

Jean grew up in a house next door to a Catholic church in Victoriaville. He became an altar boy and

remembers serving mass on many frigid mornings. Following Sunday-morning mass all through the winter, Jean would take off his cassock and surplice and rush to join twenty or twenty-five other youngsters who would gather on a homemade rink in the Beliveau backyard. His father, Arthur, flooded it nightly and everybody helped to keep it clean.

It was there that Jean Beliveau learned to stickhandle.

"In those games, you'd see older fellows who could keep possession [of the puck] for minutes, skating around and letting the smaller ones try to take it away," he said. "It was every boy for himself and if you couldn't hold onto the puck, you wouldn't play. I got pretty good at stickhandling that way."

The boy who played shinny after mass started to sprout once he entered high school. He was concentrating on a technical education in electricity with the idea of joining his father at the power company. But after scoring forty-seven goals with an intermediate team in Victoriaville, he had second thoughts about being an electrician.

He was then seventeen years old and had almost reached his ultimate height of six feet, three inches. "I was never conscious of being bigger and stronger than the other boys my age, mostly because I always had played with older boys," he said. So he quit high school at the end of his third year and joined the Victoriaville Tigers of the Quebec Junior League.

In his first year of junior hockey, Beliveau totaled forty-eight goals and twenty-seven assists. At the end of that 1948–49 season, two things happened which became an essential part of the Jean Beliveau story. The Victoriaville Tigers folded because of a lack of sponsorship and the old coliseum in Quebec City burned down.

By now Beliveau was the biggest name in sports in Eastern Quebec. But he was a boy without a team. That's when the operators of the Quebec Citadels, another junior team, wooed him to Quebec City. In

a race against the calendar, the builders of the new coliseum erected an arena that would be big enough to handle the crowds that Jean Beliveau was sure to attract.

This was the origin of the story of Jean and the coliseum—which, in effect, he built. It was rushed to completion through the late summer of 1949. It was much roomier and more completely equipped than its predecessor and, more important, it was built to accommodate more than 10,000 fans.

Beliveau played two seasons in the new building as a junior. And never to empty seats. He scored 35 goals and 45 assists with the Citadels during the 1949–50 season. The following season he totaled 124 points on 61 goals and 63 assists, then added 22 goals in the playoffs.

Now began a half-comic, half-serious joust between the cities of Montreal and Quebec for Beliveau's services. This was long before the introduction of hockey's universal draft of amateur players. The Canadiens had Beliveau's name on their negotiation list, which meant no other professional club could touch him. But Jean had never signed the "C" form which at that time gave a pro team control over a player's rights.

"I was simply lucky that I was a free agent," he said. "I could play with any team as long as it was not, technically, a pro team."

The Canadiens had hoped to entice Beliveau to Montreal for the start of the 1951–52 season. They were doomed to disappointment. In June of 1951, Jean signed with the Quebec Aces of the Quebec Senior Hockey League. He remained with them for the next two seasons.

The QSHL then was what would be called in baseball a "semi-pro" league. Beliveau could not legally play for any professional team except the Canadiens, but strictly speaking the Aces were not professional. They weren't amateur, either, in any normal understanding of the word. Their coach was a real old pro, George (Punch) Imlach.

Beliveau continued his prodigious scoring feats—and kept drawing capacity crowds to the coliseum—during his days with the Aces. He scored forty-five goals during the 1951–52 season and fifty the following season.

Why did he remain in Quebec City? "Jean was then earning more money [an estimated $20,000 a year] than Gordie Howe was making with Detroit," Imlach revealed.

In the middle of the 1952–53 season, Beliveau played three games on a trial basis with the Canadiens. What a trial! He scored five goals, including a three-goal hat trick against the New York Rangers. That prompted Frank Selke, then the Canadiens' general manager, to double his efforts to sign Beliveau.

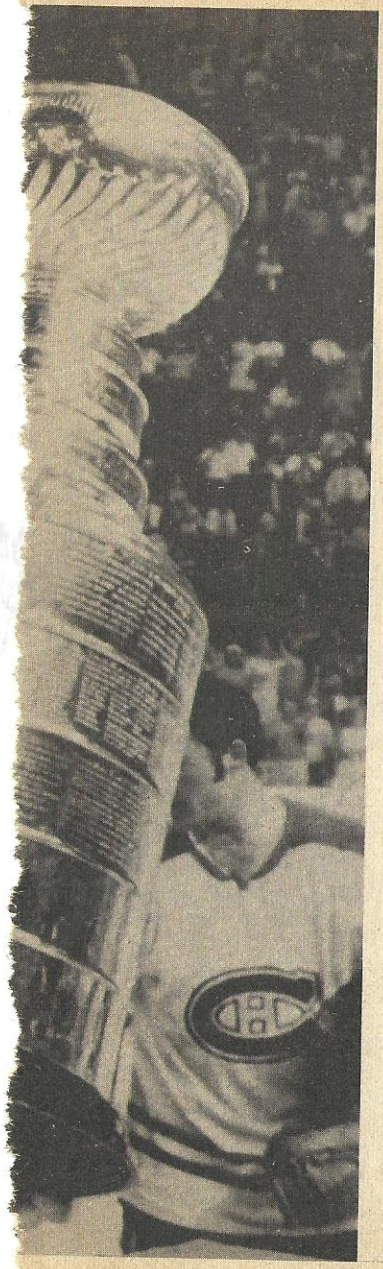
The war of nerves over Beliveau heated up to an extreme degree. In the Canadian House of Commons it was asserted by a Quebec member of Parliament that the Canadiens were attempting to force the QSHL to become an out-and-out professional league, a move which would throw Jean into the arms of the Canadiens. And that's exactly what happened.

The Canadiens purchased the entire league and the rights to all its players, then turned the league professional. Jean Beliveau was theirs—to have and to hold for the next eighteen seasons of hockey.

In October of 1953, just before the start of the regular season, Beliveau signed the richest contract ever offered an NHL rookie up to that time. "I just opened the vault and told Jean to take what he liked," Frank Selke said. Jean was given a $20,000 bonus for signing and a five-year $105,000 contract.

The fanfare that accompanied Beliveau's signing and his subsequent pro debut must have terrified him, though he was now a man of twenty-two. A married man, too. He had married the former Elise Couture of Quebec that summer.

A broken ankle and a cracked cheekbone caused Jean to miss twenty-six games during his first season with the Canadiens. He settled for thirteen goals and



UPI

Jean Beliveau holds aloft hockey's symbol of supremacy after Montreal trounced St. Louis in the 1969 Stanley Cup finals.

asked to explain Beliveau's comeback, he said, "Jean is playing with pride now. He knows his teammates are looking to him for leadership."

With Beliveau leading the way, the Canadiens won the Stanley Cup in the spring of 1965 and again the following year. Jean's career was jeopardized again during the 1966–67 season. In a game against the Black Hawks, he was pursuing a loose puck with Stan Mikita and Doug Jarrett when the blade of a stick creased his eyeball.

Beliveau was taken to a hospital and it was three days before his eye could be examined properly to determine if his sight had been impaired. "I was very worried," he said. "I couldn't see." He was in the hospital nine days and out of the Montreal lineup for five weeks.

During his convalescence, Beliveau continued to worry. "I kept wondering how I would react when I started playing again," he said. "Would I pull back when a stick was raised in a corner? If I did, that would be the end for me."

He needn't have worried. He recovered from the eye injury to spark the Canadiens to two more Stanley Cup championships (1968 and 1969). When Montreal failed to make the playoffs for the first time in twenty-two years in the spring of 1970, nobody was more disappointed than Jean Beliveau. He had wanted to retire then, but decided to play one more season. He wanted to go out a winner.

The Canadiens were beset by dissension during the 1970–71 season. They finished third under Al MacNeil, whom Henri Richard called "the worst coach I ever played for." But they were in the playoffs—and that was most important to Beliveau. In the opening round against the Bruins, Jean scored an overtime goal in the climactic sixth game. "That may have been the most important goal I ever made. Yes, I think it was," he said. "I know it was the first one I ever scored in overtime."

Montreal went on to beat the Black Hawks in the

Cup final. Less than a month later, Beliveau announced "I will play no more."

Two years and one day later—on June 10, 1973—Beliveau proved to be a man of his word. He turned down a million-dollar offer to play for the Quebec Nordiques of the World Hockey Association and announced he would remain with the Canadiens as a vice president and director of public relations.

Not even a million dollars could get the Gentle Giant to turn his back on Montreal and the team he served so well for so long.

He lived a fast life, rarely stopping to consider the consequences. He was a relentless golfer and horse-player. He sang and played the ukulele, sometimes into the wee hours of the morning while enjoying the company of beer-drinking comrades.

HOWIE MORENZ: L'HOMME ECLAIR

It happens every winter. A youngster is skating alone on a frozen pond or lake in a small town in the Province of Quebec. Fantasy grabs him by the scuff of the neck and suddenly he is transformed into Yvan Cournoyer. He is wearing a Montreal Canadiens' sweater with No. 12 on its back and now he is hurtling down the ice on an expensive pair of skates.

As the boy crosses an imaginary blue line, he dekes to his right, cuts to his left, and mumbles, *"Cournoyer lance, y compte!"* It translates roughly into another shot, another goal, for Yvan Cournoyer.

It was ever thus. The boy's father, when he was growing up, probably imitated Rocket Richard on the same lake or pond. And his father's father presumably enjoyed similar fantasies as a youth, aping Howie Morenz.

So Morenz begat Richard and Richard begat Cournoyer, and the greatest of these was Morenz, according to many who preach the gospel of the Montreal Canadiens.

Toe Blake played alongside Morenz and Richard and was Cournoyer's first Montreal coach. Blake has always avoided a comparison of the three, but he remembers his rookie season with the Canadiens in 1936–37. It was Morenz's last year with the club.

"The season before (1935–36), we finished last,"

Blake said. "We didn't have too good a team the next year, but we finished first. Morenz had a lot to do with it. He was a great inspiration for all of us."

Morenz provided more than inspiration whenever he wore Montreal's No. 7. He was considered the fastest skater of his generation. Ott Heller of the Rangers once remarked that "when Howie skates full speed, everyone else on the ice seems to be skating backwards." Another contemporary, goaltender Roy Worters of the old New York Americans, said, "Howie isn't No. 7 to me. He's No. 777. Just a blur."

Frank Boucher and Morenz opposed each other many times as rival centers. Looking back on those days, Boucher, the Rangers' Hall of Famer, said, "Howie seemed to float on his skates. Among the present players, only Yvan Cournoyer comes closest to matching Howie as a speed skater."

Another interesting comparison was offered by Frank Selke, the one-time general manager of the Canadiens. He said, "Morenz seemed to throw himself at players with blinding speed. . . . Richard could do that, but he lacked Howie's skating ability. . . . and though Cournoyer has great speed, he doesn't exhibit the force that Morenz employed to overpower his opponents."

Although he never packed more than 165 pounds on his five-foot, nine-inch frame, Morenz bodychecked with the ferocity of a giant. And to those Richard supporters who claim their man was a better goal-scorer, let it be known that Morenz once scored forty goals in a forty-four-game season. He also was a better puck-handler and passer than either Richard or Cournoyer.

In French, Howie Morenz was *L'homme eclair*. In English, he was the same thing—the top man. He won the Hart Trophy as the National Hockey League's Most Valuable Player twice in succession and three times in all. He was a two-time winner of the Ross Trophy as the league's leading scorer. Cournoyer has won neither trophy; Richard won the Hart once, but never was a scoring champion.

Morenz was a happy-go-lucky man with large, smiling eyes, a receding hairline, and a heavy beard that left him with a perennial five o'clock shadow. He reached his peak during the Golden Era of Sport in the Roaring Twenties. Americans at that time worshiped Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey, Bill Tilden and Bobby Jones; Canadians, especially the nationalistic French-Canadians, considered Morenz a combination of the four.

Morenz lived a fast life, rarely stopping to consider the consequences. He was a relentless golfer and horseplayer. He sang and played the ukelele, sometimes into the wee hours of the morning while enjoying the company of beer-drinking comrades. He was a clothes horse who changed suits twice and sometimes three times a day. He wore spats and expensive shoes.

Morenz once spent a Saturday afternoon before a game at the home of Elmer Ferguson, a Montreal newspaperman, sipping beer and mixing limburger cheese with onions. When Ferguson ran out of onions, Howie switched to garlic.

"You stink and you're full of beer," Ferguson said affably. "You'll never play hockey tonight."

Morenz took another swig of beer and laughed. He was still laughing late that night. He played all right and scored three goals.

"I've got a new method," he told the incredulous Ferguson. "First I breathe on the goaler, then I shoot 'er in!"

Morenz totaled 270 goals and 490 points in 13½ seasons in the NHL. He had a great will to win, yet he never resorted to violence, preferring to turn the other cheek when set upon by rival toughies. He was not given a major penalty until his eighth season in the NHL.

Once Morenz collided with Hec Kilrea of Ottawa. Kilrea lost his temper and slammed his stick across Morenz's head with such force that Morenz didn't revive until he was carried into the dressing room. He opened his eyes, grunted, and shook his head.

"Was that Kilrea who hit me?" he asked a teammate.

"Yes, it was Hec," the teammate replied.

"With his stick?"

"Yes."

Morenz smiled. "Well, I know Hec," he said, "and I don't think he meant it."

That was Howie Morenz. As badly as he wanted to win, he wanted to win within the rules. He did not trip or punch or cheat his rivals. He did not want to and did not have to. Speed was Howie's outlet. He could outskate them all.

Howarth William (Howie) Morenz was born in the Ontario village of Mitchell in 1902 of Swiss-German parents. He was the youngest child and the third son in a family of six. He was seven years old when he pulled on his first pair of skates. Because the skates were large, little Howie had to stuff paper into the toes before he could go bumping up and down the frozen River Thames near his home.

His brothers weren't impressed with his skating, so they made him play goal. However, after permitting twenty-one goals in a single game, Howie put away the goalie pads and became a forward.

Howie's mother was a quiet woman who loved music. She wanted her youngest son to become a musician and turned him over to a music teacher in Mitchell for weekly piano lessons. Howie soon started to cut his Saturday morning piano classes, spending his time playing hockey. On his return home, he would sit down at the family piano and furiously practice one exercise. This ruse worked until his mother became disturbed at his lack of versatility and decided to pay a personal visit to the piano teacher.

"Howarth is doing wonderfully at his exercise, but don't you think he is ready to learn another one?" Mrs. Morenz inquired.

"Howarth who?" the piano teacher asked.

That was the end of Howie Morenz's piano-playing career.

The Morenz family moved to Stratford, Ontario, when Howie was fourteen. He played center for the Stratford Midgets, but within a few seasons he was being drafted to play for the Stratford Seniors in important games. When he got a job as an apprentice machinist in the railroad shops where his father worked, Howie began to play for the Canadian National Railway team, too.

In 1922, when Morenz was twenty, he accompanied the Stratford railroad team to Montreal for a game in the old Mount Royal rink. Howie scored nine goals that night. A year later he signed a pro contract with the Montreal Canadiens, who outbid Toronto and Ottawa for his services by offering him a $1,000 bonus.

A fine skater named Odie Cleghorn had been the Canadiens' top center, but Morenz was given a crack at the job. Almost immediately he won it, teaming on a line with left-wing Aurel Joliat and right-wing Billy Boucher. Morenz scored thirteen goals in his rookie season and the Canadiens won the Stanley Cup.

One player who will never forget Morenz in his first year with Montreal is Frank (King) Clancy, who became a Hall of Fame defenseman with Toronto but was then playing for Ottawa. "I had been reading stories about this new kid with the Canadiens and how he had been making fools out of most of the defensemen in the league," Clancy said. "I couldn't wait to play against him.

"When Montreal came to Ottawa for a game, I sized up this kid in practice. He didn't look too big to me. I figured I'd be able to handle him with no trouble. Then, the first time he's on the ice, the kid splits the defense and leaves me sitting on my butt. I told him if he tried that again I'd take his head off.

"Now he's coming down the ice again and I'm waiting for him. He brings his stick up and cross-checks me. If I didn't duck he would have taken my head off. 'How do you like that?' he says. 'Not bad,' says I. 'I won't bother you anymore.'

"Howie laughs and says, 'You haven't bothered me

yet,' and skates off, laughing louder. He was the greatest skater I ever played against and one helluva guy."

It didn't take long for others to recognize the talents of the twenty-one-year-old boy whom hockey fans were now calling the "Stratford Streak."

Said Frank Shaughnessy, then a hockey coach who later introduced baseball's Shaughnessy playoffs: "Howie Morenz is an express train when he comes down center ice. Nothing can stop him."

Another defenseman who tried to stop Morenz was Bert Corbeau of Toronto. He was a tough customer who used a long, extra-strong stick to menace rivals, according to Frank Selke. Before a game against the Canadiens, Corbeau told Selke, "I know how to stop Morenz. I'll fix him."

Morenz tried one of his patented rushes and Corbeau was there to meet him. "Bert pinned Howie near the boards, raising him off his feet with his stick," Selke said. "Howie was suspended there, like a kid hanging over a picket fence. But he still was able to get off a shot and, believe it or not, the puck went in the net."

On another occasion, the Canadiens were playing the Bruins at Boston Garden. The Bruins had two of the game's greatest defensemen in Eddie Shore and Lionel Hitchman. Every time Morenz attempted to split the pair, Shore would brush-block him into Hitchman and Hitchman would flatten Howie. It happened once, twice, three times. The fourth time Morenz went down, he lay on the ice, smiling. "Don't you guys ever get tired?" he asked genially.

Shore bent over Morenz, helped him to his feet, and said, "You're all right kid. You've got a lot of guts."

At the start of Morenz's second season, the Canadiens moved into the Montreal Forum, which soon became a temple for worshipers of Howie's speed. He scored thirty goals in 1924–25. The following season he married Mary MacKay, and with marriage came Howie's golden years. He continued to score goals at a rapid clip and led the Canadiens to four divisional

Hall of Fame

Howie Morenz won the MVP trophy three times.

championships in five years, plus Stanley Cup victories in 1930 and 1931.

It was during the 1929–30 season that Morenz reached his career high of forty goals in forty-four games. He also earned his top salary—$10,000. He started to slow down during the 1933–34 campaign, scoring only eight goals. By this time, Pit Lepine had replaced Howie as the Canadiens' top center on a line with Joliat and Johnny Gagnon.

In 1934, after eleven seasons with Montreal, Morenz was traded to the Chicago Black Hawks. He cried when he heard the news and Montreal cried with him, but he went to Chicago, where he was neither very happy nor very successful.

Midway in the 1935–36 season, he wound up with the New York Rangers. Howie could have become a big man in the Big Town, but his heart was still in Montreal. He failed to help the Rangers into the playoffs, totaling only six goals that season.

Morenz was thirty-four years old when the Canadiens reacquired him before the start of the 1936–37 season. This was Howie's final chance and he knew it. He was enjoying a successful comeback when the crash came. On the night of January 28, 1937, he hurtled into the boards in the first period of a game against the Black Hawks at the Forum. His speed was so great that the point of his left skate embedded itself firmly in the wood.

As Morenz fell, Chicago defenseman Earl Seibert skated into him. Four bones in Howie's left leg and ankle snapped like dry twigs. He did not try to raise himself up. He was carried to the dressing room sobbing in pain. "I'm all through," he said. "This is the finish."

A Montreal player watched Morenz fighting back tears and cursed. "Damn Seibert . . . that lousy Seibert." Morenz looked up from the rubbing table and said, "Don't blame Seibert. It was an accident. My skate caught."

Morenz was placed upon a stretcher and carried out

of the Forum to an ambulance, which took him to Hospital St. Luc. Dr. J. A. H. Forgues, the club physician, reported that Howie would be hospitalized for five weeks and that his leg would probably remain in a cast for two months.

In late February, the bones were knitting well when Morenz suffered a nervous breakdown. The will that had carried him so far so swiftly now had vanished. At 11:30 P.M. on March 8, 1937, Howie Morenz climbed out of his hospital bed, then fell to the cold floor. An embolism stopped his heart. He died instantly.

On Thursday, March 11, Morenz's coffin was taken to the Forum and placed upon boards that had been laid over center ice. More than ten thousand persons filled every seat in the Forum and sat silently while a Presbyterian minister conducted services. Outside, another fifteen thousand stood bareheaded in the street.

Morenz, who had lived less than half of his allotted threescore years and ten, was buried in a simple grave on the snowy slopes of Mount Royal overlooking the city he loved.

"I raised my head and looked right into the Rocket's eyes. They looked like dinner plates. Then he sneered and said, 'Bass-tard rook-key.'"

MAURICE RICHARD: THE ROCKET

During the 1973 National Hockey League meetings in Montreal, word had circulated through the corridors of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel that Maurice (Rocket) Richard was there.

And so he was. The man who had set seventeen NHL scoring records in eighteen years with the Montreal Canadiens stood outside a meeting room on the third floor, his back against the wall. He was wearing an expensive sports jacket that didn't quite hide the excess flab around his waist; his jowls were heavy with fat and there was evidence of a double chin. His once jet-black hair had turned gray around the temples. Only his dark eyes remained unchanged. Even in the dim artificial light of the hotel corridor they gleamed with their old intensity.

Although it had been thirteen years since Rocket Richard played his last game with the Canadiens, his mere presence in the hotel caused a stir. People gathered about him, inquiring about his health, his family, and his various business enterprises. Youngsters asked for his autograph and he obliged willingly. Oldsters posed with him for snapshots. Others just stood and ogled Canada's most enduring sports legend.

Standing on the perimeter of the crowd was a New York reporter who remarked: "That's the way I remember the people flocking around Babe Ruth after he

retired. The Babe would come out of his apartment on Manhattan's West Side and fans, young and old, would stop to chat with him. The Rocket has that same magnetism."

There's little doubt that Richard's contributions to pro hockey were as great as the Babe's to baseball. Folks who were privileged to watch Babe Ruth hit a home run—or even strike out—never forgot it. Those who watched Rocket Richard score a goal—or skid ignominiously into the sideboards after a futile rush down ice—carry the same memories.

A Richard goal was generally a masterpiece of speed, brute strength, and guile. He would move down ice with loping strides—half-skating and half-running on his tubular steel blades. He wasn't a big man by today's standards, only five feet, eleven inches; his best playing weight was 190 pounds. But he had prodigious strength.

He would first try to beat onrushing defensemen with his speed. Failing that, he would ward off rivals with one hand while controlling the puck with the other. Then he would move in on the goaltender, eyes flashing like beacons, and overpower him with a wicked wrist shot. As the puck flew into the net, Richard would circle behind it, stick upraised, and cut a few joyous figure-eights on his way back up ice.

If the goaltender succeeded in stopping Richard's shot, those dark eyes would flash again and the Rocket would mutter an oath.

Ray Frederick is one former goalie who will never forget how he provoked Richard's ire during the 1954–55 season. Frederick played only five games in the National Hockey League, all with the Chicago Black Hawks that season. In a game against the Canadiens, Richard fired a shot that Frederick barely got a glove on and tossed aside. Richard's momentum carried him into the net and he fell atop Frederick.

"I raised my head and looked right into the Rocket's eyes," Frederick said. "They looked like dinner plates. Then he sneered and said, 'Bass-tard rook-key.' He

scared me half to death. Especially those eyes. Wow!"

Frank Selke, the former managing director of the Canadiens, remembers Richard's eyes too. "When the Rocket was worked up they used to gleam like headlights," he said. "Not a real glow, mind you, but a piercing intensity. Goaltenders claimed he was like a tractor trailer coming at you in the night. He was terrifying . . . the greatest hockey player who ever lived.

"Gordie Howe was great, but in a more mechanical way. He was methodical and smooth. Maurice Richard was like a flash of lightning followed by a bolt of thunder. You know, it's a fine summer day and suddenly there's a flash and then bang! That was Maurice Richard."

Unlike Babe Ruth, Richard never was compensated fully for services rendered. Ruth earned $75,000 at the height of his career with the Yankees; the Rocket claims the most he ever made in basic salary was "not much over $25,000."

If he had been born twenty years later, Rocket Richard would have reached his prime when the World Hockey Association was launched and started its bidding war with the NHL. Then he would have commanded a contract in the millions.

But Richard doesn't brood over lost opportunities. "For me, playing hockey came first and money came second," he says. "I was never pleased with what I signed for, but if you didn't sign you just went back home and didn't play hockey anymore. When you did sign, you forgot about it and just concentrated on hockey for the rest of the season."

And never let it be said that the Rocket didn't return one hundred cents for every dollar he got from the Canadiens.

Maurice Richard was born in Montreal on August 4, 1921. He grew up in the Bordeaux section, a large French-Canadian enclave in the north end of the city, and recalls that English was never spoken in the Richard home.

His father, Onesime, who was employed by the Canadian Pacific Railways, bought him his first pair of skates when he was four years old. Young Maurice learned to skate on the Back River close to his home. He played his first organized hockey in a church league, then progressed through the midget ranks in the park leagues.

While attending Montreal Technical High School, where he studied to be a machinist, Maurice met Georges Norchet. They became close friends while playing juvenile hockey on a team that won the city championship. Norchet introduced Maurice to his sister, Lucille. They were married in October 1942, shortly before Maurice turned pro with the Canadiens. The couple had seven children.

To this day, Maurice Richard admits he was lucky in gaining a tryout with the Canadiens. He had been an excellent scorer while playing junior hockey with the Verdun Maple Leafs, then put in two disastrous seasons with the Canadien Seniors, suffering a fractured ankle and a broken wrist. Some hockey scouts feared he was accident-prone. However, Dick Irvin, then the Montreal coach, decided to take a chance on the twenty-year-old youngster because World War II had robbed him of many of his players.

Richard was unable to speak English when he joined the Canadiens. This presented a real problem, for Maurice had to depend on his teammates to translate for him. He soon developed a reputation for being silent and sullen, which was unfair. Actually, he was quite shy and declined to speak for fear of sounding foolish.

His brother, Henri, was much the same when he joined the Canadiens. A reporter approached coach Toe Blake once and asked to interview Henri.

"Sure, go right ahead," Blake said.

"Does he speak English?" the reporter asked.

Blake grinned and said, "How the hell should I know? Henri's so quiet I don't know if he can speak French."

In time, though, the Richard brothers conquered the

English language—and with it their fears of being ridiculed.

Maurice had to live with other fears early in his career. He got off to a great start with the Canadiens, scoring five goals and six assists in his first fifteen games. In game number sixteen, he was checked hard by Johnny Crawford of the Boston Bruins and fell to the ice. The big defenseman fell atop Richard, who was carried off with a broken ankle.

Richard was out for the rest of the season. Montreal reporters were convinced he would never make it in the NHL. "Maurice Richard is too brittle," they wrote.

By this time, Richard had doubts of his own. "My future didn't look too bright," he said. "All those injuries, you know. I wasn't sure if I had the strength to make the club. The only thing that saved me was I had a two-year contract and was invited back to training camp."

All those doubts vanished by the end of Richard's second season with the Canadiens. He scored thirty-two goals in forty-six games (missing four with an injured shoulder). The Canadiens ran away with the NHL championship and the Stanley Cup. In the playoffs, Richard scored a record twelve goals, including five in one game.

By this time, he was playing right wing on a line with center Elmer Lach and Blake, his boyhood idol. Though he had a left-handed shot, Richard had no trouble operating on his off (right) wing. "I liked it," he said. "It gave me certain advantages. As I moved in on the goaltender with the puck on my forehand, I found I had a better shooting angle because it brought me closer to the center of the net."

Phil Watson, who later became the coach of the New York Rangers and Boston Bruins, was another member of that 1944 Montreal team. His linemates were Murph Chamberlain and Ray Getliffe. During scrimmages, they would watch Richard sail down the ice and yell, "Here comes the Rocket." Reporters at the workouts heard the cry, and that's how Maurice Rich-

ard got his nickname.

The Rocket soared into hockey's stratosphere during the 1944–45 season, becoming the NHL's first fifty-goal scorer. And he set the record during a fifty-game schedule, averaging an unprecedented goal a game. It wasn't surpassed until 1966—twenty-one years later—when Bobby Hull scored fifty-four in sixty-five games. But no modern NHL player, except Richard, has ever averaged a goal a game. Only Phil Esposito came close, totaling seventy-six goals in seventy-eight games during the 1970–71 season.

Asked once how many goals he thought he could score in the NHL's expanded schedule, Richard said, "That's hard to say . . . Maybe seventy or seventy-five . . . about the same as Esposito."

Oddly, Richard's record of fifty goals in fifty games was downgraded at the time he set it. Frank Selke, who became chairman of the Hall of Fame selection committee, remembers it well.

"Maurice was then considered a wartime hockey player," Selke said. " 'When the boys come back,' they said, 'they'll look after Maurice . . . they'll catch up with him.' But nobody looked after Maurice. He looked after himself. And nobody caught up with him, either. The only thing that caught up with Maurice was Father Time."

It was long after World War II, though, before the Rocket started to fizzle. He played eighteen consecutive years with the Canadiens and totaled 544 regular-season goals, another record since wiped out by Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull.

In Stanley Cup playoff competition, Richard was almost unstoppable, sparking the Canadiens to eight championships. "The Rocket seemed to double his efforts when the playoffs came around," Blake said. The record books support that statement.

Among the playoff records established by Richard were: most career goals (82), most goals in one game (5), most consecutive games with goals (8), most game-winning goals (18), most overtime goals (6),

and most three-goal (or more) games (7).

The most dramatic playoff goal scored by Richard came in 1952. The Canadiens and the Bruins were tied at 1-1 in the seventh and final game of their semi-final series. Earlier in the game, Richard had been cut down by the Boston defense during one of his headlong rushes and was kneed in the head as he fell to the ice.

Richard was knocked unconscious. He was removed to the clinic in the Montreal Forum, blood flowing from a deep gash on his forehead. A doctor wanted to send him to a hospital, but the Rocket said, "Nothing doing." So he was stitched up and allowed to return to the Montreal bench. "I was groggy," Richard recalls. "I didn't know where I was."

Now it was late in the game and the score was still tied. Richard, who had been pleading with Coach Dick Irvin to return to action, finally got his wish. He was on the ice only a few seconds when Butch Bouchard passed him the puck near the Montreal net.

The Rocket took off. He pulled away from the Boston forecheckers, muscled his way past defensemen Bob Armstrong and Bill Quackenbush, and cut sharply toward the goal mouth. Goalie Sugar Jim Henry, who had played brilliantly for Boston despite a broken nose suffered earlier in the game, lunged at Richard. Their sticks collided and the puck came loose. Richard recovered it quickly and popped it into the net.

A photo taken after that game remains one of the classics in hockey history. It shows Richard, blood still pouring from his wound, shaking hands with Henry, whose broken nose had left him with a discoloration of the eyes.

When Richard reached the dressing room, he collapsed, sobbing. He regained his composure only after a doctor plunged a hypodermic needle into his arm.

"I don't remember a thing about that goal," Richard admits. "I was so dizzy when I got back on the ice I didn't know which way to skate. I guess it was all reflex action."

Roger St. Jean (LaPresse)

Bloodied Maurice Richard, congratulated by Boston's Sugar Jim Henry, scored winning goal in 1952 Stanley Cup finale.

The Rocket has more vivid memories of another game against the Bruins that triggered one of pro hockey's most appalling incidents. It began on a Sunday night in Boston—March 13, 1955—and was climaxed with a riot in the Montreal Forum four nights later.

In the game at Boston, Richard was high-sticked by Hal Laycoe, then a Bruins defenseman and later a coach in the NHL. The blood oozing from a gash on his forehead sent Richard into a frenzy. He moved toward Laycoe, swinging his stick wildly. A linesman, Cliff Thompson, jumped on Richard's back and wrestled him to the ice. When the Rocket got to his feet, he punched Thompson and again rushed Laycoe, cutting him alongside the right eye with his stick.

Richard had been fined several times earlier in his career by league president Clarence Campbell. This time Campbell threw the book at him, suspending the Rocket for the final three games of the season and the playoffs. The suspension was announced on St. Patrick's Day. The Canadiens had a game scheduled against the Red Wings at the Montreal Forum that night.

Richard showed up for the game and so did Campbell, who was attacked verbally and physically by fans as soon as he took his seat. One fan tossed a tear-gas bomb, sending others rushing for cover and forcing the Canadiens to forfeit the game to Detroit. The demonstration spilled onto the streets outside the Forum and some hoodlums in the crowd went on a rampage, smashing windows and looting stores along Ste. Catherine Street.

At Frank Selke's request, Richard went on the radio in the morning, pleading with the citizens of Montreal to be calm. But the damage had already been done; the estimates approached $1,000,000. There were other damages impossible to estimate. The Red Wings went on to overtake the Canadiens and clinch first place. And while Richard was serving his suspension, teammate Bernie (Boom Boom) Geoffrion beat him out of the NHL scoring championship by a single point.

This really hurt Richard, for he never won a scoring title.

Some observers feel the uprising in the streets of Montreal on that St. Patrick's Night launched the "Quiet Revolution" among French-Canadian militants in the Province of Quebec.

Looking back on it, Richard says, "What Campbell should have done was suspend me for the rest of the regular season, let me play in the playoffs, and keep me out for the same number of games the following season."

The Rocket also claimed he was "railroaded" through Campbell's court because of past sins. "They were out to get me," he said. "But did you notice that Thompson never officiated in the NHL after that game in Boston?"

Richard scored thirty-eight goals the following season (1955–56). That was the year his brother, Henri, joined the Canadiens and Blake relieved Irvin as coach. It was also the year the Canadiens won their first of an unprecedented five straight Stanley Cup championships.

The string was finally snapped the year Maurice Richard retired. He had suffered a damaging injury to his achilles tendon in 1958, broke an ankle the following year, and never regained his old dash. He also was having trouble controlling his weight, which had soared to over two hundred pounds. Dieting didn't help; it left him with dizzy spells. Midway through the Canadiens' training camp, in September of 1960, Rocket Richard decided to quit at the age of thirty-nine.

He remained with the Canadiens for the next four years, serving as a goodwill ambassador, but severed all connections with his old club when Sam Pollock became general manager in 1964 "and they cut my salary by close to half." The Canadiens added the final insult to their once great breadwinner after he spent a short period as coach of Quebec in the rival World Hockey Association in 1972—they canceled the Rocket's two complimentary season tickets to Forum games.

Still no one has had to conduct any benefits for Rocket Richard. He is the owner of a fishing-line company, heads the sales department of a Montreal fuel company, and has interests in a number of other small enterprises.

And, more important, he has almost as many idolaters today as he did when he was wearing the *bleu, blanc, et rouge* of the Montreal Canadiens.

"Ching did more to popularize hockey in New York than any player. He had that rare ability to establish immediate communion with the crowd. In that regard, only Babe Ruth had it to the same extent."

CHING JOHNSON: THE BALD EAGLE

He was a balding linesman, fat and fifty, and he was working a game between the Washington Lions and the New York Rovers of the old Eastern Pro League in 1945. Midway through the second period, a Washington player slithered into the open and crossed into the New York zone.

It was a breakaway—always an exciting moment in any hockey game.

As the New York goaltender prepared to meet this solo rush, the fat-and-fifty linesman cut diagonally across the ice and flattened the startled Washington player with a vicious bodycheck.

It was hockey's version of man bites dog.

In later years, the linesman, Ching Johnson, was able to chuckle over the incident. "You know, I just can't explain it," he said. "Here was this guy racing for the goal and I had to stop him. Why? Instinct, I guess. The old habit was too deep within me and for a second I clean forgot where I was and what I was doing."

Fans who knew Johnson during his days as a bruising defenseman with the New York Rangers for eleven years weren't surprised by the incident. When the New York goal was in danger, Ching Johnson was always there to knock somebody down.

"Ching was the greatest bodychecker who ever lived

—and completely fearless," said Frank Boucher, his teammate on the Rangers and a fellow member of the Hall of Fame.

Eddie Shore was once asked how hard Johnson hit people. "Like this," Shore said, raising a clenched fist and slamming it into the wall of a hotel corridor.

Johnson totaled almost 1,000 minutes in penalties during his National Hockey League career. Yet friend and foe alike agreed that in all the years he played, and of all the hundreds of solid bodychecks he handed out, he never once resorted to the dirty tactics so common in hockey.

His stick, a lethal weapon in other hands, invariably was out of the way when he threw his weight around. And always there was that sheepish, almost pixielike grin on his face as he sent a man sprawling. To Ranger fans, this smile was angelic. To fans in other cities, it was diabolic.

Ivan Wilfred (Ching) Johnson was born in Winnipeg on December 7, 1897. He inherited his odd nickname as a schoolboy. He and some chums used to camp out along the Red River. Johnson served as the group's cook and hence came in for the old camper's cry of "Ching, Ching, Chinaman, what have you got for chow?"

Johnson played little hockey as a youngster; he was a lacrosse and football player. In 1915, at the age of seventeen, he enlisted in the Canadian Army because he "was looking for some excitement." He got it quickly—with a trench-mortar unit in World War I.

He sailed for England with Canada's Third Division in January 1916, and got his first taste of battle six months later in France. He was gassed at Passchandaelle, but recovered and, after joining in the armistice celebration, returned home in April 1919. He was then a battle-scarred, twenty-one-year-old war veteran. He was also jobless.

"I'd never played anything but pick-up hockey before I went to war," Johnson recalled. "I finally got a

job with the Winnipeg Electric Light Company and was persuaded to play for their team in an industrial league. It was my first taste of organized hockey."

Johnson was a little awkward on his skates—he never was a classic skater—but his fighting spirit impressed a gentleman named Percy Nicklin, who was looking for talent for his Winnipeg Monarchs, a semi-pro team.

"Nicklin showed up at this rink where I was playing a game of shinny and asked me if I wanted to play for the Monarchs," Johnson said. "I was a big awkward kid and I told him, 'I can't play hockey.' But he gave me a tryout in a game the next day and I was as clumsy as an elephant. Then I began to get the hang of it and before the game was over I'd scored two goals and we won, 3-1."

Johnson was an immediate success with his hometown team, but he didn't remain home long. He crossed the border into Minnesota the following year and joined Eveleth of the old International League as a defenseman with great determination but little finesse. He was with Eveleth until 1923, then put in three seasons with Minneapolis.

In 1926, when Conn Smythe was forming the first Ranger team, he offered Johnson a contract. By this time, Ching had played seven tough seasons of minor-league hockey. When he sat down to talk contract with Smythe, he proved to be a tough bargainer.

"I said I was twenty-eight, but I was almost two years older," Johnson said. "That's why I demanded a three-year contract from Conn. I didn't think I could last any longer."

That first Ranger team opened its training camp at Toronto. Frank Boucher remembers it well. He also remembers his first introduction to Ching Johnson.

"We had our first workout at the old Ravina rink in Toronto," Boucher recalled. "Conn had assembled a helluva fine team, but most of us were strangers to each other. We were staying at the Peacock Hotel on the outskirts of Toronto. Conn wanted to keep us away

from the bright lights.

"After the workout, we delayed going back to the Peacock. Instead, we had a little get-acquainted party in the King Edward Hotel. Ching provided the liquid refreshments—two huge bottles of applejack. After sipping some of that stuff we all became great buddies.

"Most of the players got back to the Peacock before curfew. But not me and Ching. We were having a wonderful time sipping that applejack. It was late that night—or early in the morning—when we rode a streetcar out to the Peacock. All the doors were closed. We tried to get in by way of a fire escape, but were foiled again.

"Ching now was cursing Conn Smythe for locking us out. 'What the hell are we going to do now, Frank?' he asked. I suggested we head back to the King Edward. We climbed back aboard a streetcar. We were the only passengers, so Ching offered the motorman a slug of our applejack. Then another slug.

"Now we're moving along those tracks at about eighty miles an hour and the motorman is getting drunker by the minute and he's clanging the bell and laughing like hell. He wasn't even stopping to pick up other passengers along the way. This was going to be a non-stop trip.

"When we arrived back in midtown, the motorman realized the King Edward wasn't on his route, but he was determined to take us there anyway. At the next intersection, he climbs out of the streetcar, uses a crow bar to change the switch, and now we're on the right track to the King Edward. When we get there, the motorman is happy as hell. He shakes our hands, waves, and heads up the street with the bell still clanging.

"That's when Ching let out a shriek. 'Hey, Frank, that S.O.B. went off with our last bottle,' he said. I told Ching I figured the ride was worth the price."

According to Boucher, the applejack party left Johnson with a massive hangover ("Ching vomited for almost two days"), but it did help the Rangers get acquainted with each other. They worked like demons during the remainder of training camp. Smythe and Coach Lester Patrick saw to that.

One of Patrick's first moves was to pair Johnson with Taffy Abel on defense. It turned out to be a great wedding of raw talent. Both were big and rough. Johnson packed 210 pounds on a six-foot frame; Abel was two inches taller and weighed 240 pounds. Only a brave man ever attempted to skate through or around these toughies.

The Rangers' number-one line had Boucher centering for the Cook brothers—Bill on right wing and Bun on left wing. Bill Cook, like Johnson, had served with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces in World War I and seen combat at Vimy Ridge, the Somme, and Flanders.

It was these battle-hardened "rookies" who led the Rangers into New York for their first NHL game on Tuesday night, November 16, 1926. Their opponents were the Montreal Maroons, defending Stanley Cup champions. "It was billed as a match between the best hockey team in the world and the worst," Abel once recalled. "And we won, 1-0, on a second-period goal by Bill Cook."

Seabury Lawrence, a reporter for *The New York Times,* obviously was impressed by the crashing style of Johnson in his New York debut. Lawrence wrote:

> The game was for the benefit of the Grosvenor Neighborhood House, but the players displayed no charity toward each other. In a mix-up between Ching Johnson and Nelson Stewart, the New York player was hooked over the eye by Stewart's stick and was replaced.
>
> Johnson appeared on the ice at the start of the second period with a plaster over his left eye. The New York defenseman had been badly cut by Stewart's stick and it was necessary to take five stitches. . . . Johnson played hard despite his injury and drove down the ice twice on fine plays, but could not crash through.

Hall of Fame

Ranger Ching Johnson played for two Stanley Cup championship teams.

Johnson had another reason to remember his first Ranger game. He said, "Taffy and I almost missed the game. We were such complete strangers that we couldn't get into Madison Square Garden. We were turned away at the employees' entrance and at every door we tried. Someone finally rescued us and got us inside."

It wasn't long, though, before every Garden door was open to Johnson and his fast-skating, fast-living teammates. They also kept many tavern doors swinging with their hurried entrances and delayed exits. They loved to celebrate birthdays, and there were other times when they held parties simply because it was nobody's birthday.

The Rangers really had something to celebrate at the end of the 1926–27 season; they finished first in the old American Division of the NHL, quite an accomplishment for a newborn team.

The following spring, the Rangers achieved the ultimate—they won the Stanley Cup championship. Johnson scored ten goals in forty-three regular-season games, quite a feat for a defenseman in those days, and was a big thorn in the side of the Montreal Maroons in the Cup finals.

Nels Stewart, Babe Siebert, and Hooley Smith were the big guns of the Maroons. "Nels was poison, all right . . . you had to watch him all the time for your own safety," Johnson said. But Ching also spent a lot of time watching and slamming Smith, according to Boucher.

"I remember in one of those games against the Maroons how Ching caught Smith with a beautiful bodycheck," Boucher said. "Smith flew through the air and seemed to be heading for the ceiling. He was actually suspended in the air for a couple of seconds.

"But Smith had a lot of guts. He picked himself off the ice and promised he'd get even with Ching. He never did, though. Every time he'd wander into our zone, Ching would wham him again."

Another gutsy player who was a frequent victim of

Johnson's bone-rattling bodychecks was Aurel Joliat of the Montreal Canadiens. Every time Johnson would send Joliat crashing to the ice, the little French-Canadian would jump up, shake his stick in Ching's face, and shout, "Jawn-sawn, you sawn-a-beech, I keel you. I knock you head off with my stick."

At the final buzzer, though, Joliat invariably would sidle up to Johnson, stick out his hand, and say, "Hey, Jawn-sawn, give de hand. You no sawn-a-beech. I no keel you."

When Ching Johnson threw himself at people, something had to give. Such reckless use of his body left him with many broken bones. He missed all but nine games during the 1928–29 season with a fractured ankle. The following season, he suffered a broken jaw.

Asked once if any of his injuries left him with painful memories, Johnson said, "Yes, the broken jaw. At the time I got it, I thought I'd only had a few teeth knocked out. I remember spitting out the teeth. But I didn't leave the game. On the next rush, I had to stop because of the pain. I moved my jaw and it felt funny and numb.

"I reached up with my hand and felt the two ends of the bone spread between my gloved fingers. I skated over to the bench and yelled at Doc Claus, 'Hey, Doc, I busted my jaw.'

"The doc looked at me, shook his head, and said, 'I'm not surprised. You've busted everything else. Come on. Let's get it wired.'

"Even that didn't hurt until the next morning when they found a tooth had been split in two, right at the break in the jawbone. So they had to pull that tooth. Fishing for it hurt some because they couldn't give me an anaesthetic for fear I would choke with my jaws wired together. Funny thing, next day I sneezed and broke the wires so they had to do the job all over again."

Johnson, however, had more than courage going for him during his heyday with the Rangers. He was no speed demon or fancy Dan on skates, but he was clever

at poke-checking the puck off a rival's stick. And there was nothing to match the excitement of a Johnson solo rush. Here is how Al Laney once described it in the old New York *Herald-Tribune:*

> With a perfect sense of timing, a leather-lunged fan [in the old Garden] would rise in his seat and give off with a piercing "Ching, Ching, Chinaman!" The cry would rise above the crowd noises and Ching, as though on signal, would take the puck, circle behind the net, and come straight down the middle. By the time he was well under way the whole crowd would be on its feet. As he crossed mid-ice, the noise would reach a deafening crescendo, moving with the old Bald Eagle as he bore down on the goalie like a runaway tank. . . . And then Ching would skate away, wearing that mischievous grin that removed all venom from his violent action.

It was Laney who once likened Ching Johnson to Babe Ruth as a crowd-pleaser. "Ching did more to popularize hockey in New York than any player," Laney said. "He had that rare ability to establish immediate communion with the crowd. In that regard, only Babe Ruth had it to the same extent."

When the first official NHL All-Star teams were selected in 1931, Johnson was named to the number-two squad; Eddie Shore and King Clancy were the defensemen picked for the first team. The following year, Johnson made the first team. He had a double reason to celebrate in 1933—the Rangers again won the Stanley Cup and Ching repeated as a first-team All-Star.

He was then pushing thirty-six. He had lost much of his hair, but none of his vitality. Four years later, Lester Patrick peddled him to the rival New York Americans. He lasted only one season with the Americans.

Ching Johnson had reached the end of the trail—from the battlefields of France to stardom in the NHL.

He drifted back to the minors as a player-coach and in 1944, at the age of forty-six, he came out of retirement to play one season for Hollywood of the old Pacific Coast League.

He then headed back East and settled in Washington, D.C., where he was employed as an installer of heating and air-conditioning units until 1963. He is now living in retirement in Takoma Park, Maryland.

The Rocket was his idol. He couldn't deliberately not score. Yet the fans refused to forgive him. They booed him in the Forum and razzed him in the street. He came close to quitting the team.

BERNIE GEOFFRION: BOOM BOOM

It was 1945—a year of rejoicing throughout the world, for this was the year of the Armistice. World War II was finally over. Johnny was marching home.

Bernie (Boom Boom) Geoffrion also remembers 1945, but for a different reason. He was attempting to break in with a juvenile hockey team in his native Montreal.

"I was only fourteen," Geoffrion recalls, "and this man [he was an assistant coach] takes my equipment and throws it out of the dressing room. He says to me, 'You will never make the National Hockey League. Go home.' This makes me mad. Wow. I am only a kid then and somebody tells me I cannot make the NHL. I think maybe I show that man something."

Geoffrion returned home that day in tears. But even at that early age, he possessed great perseverance. He got a second chance to prove himself the following year when he joined a Junior "A" team in Montreal. This time he made the squad.

After a brillaint amateur career, he turned pro with the Montreal Canadiens on his twentieth birthday in 1951. The youngster who was told he would never make the NHL put in thirteen-plus seasons with the Canadiens and another two with the New York Rangers before retiring as a player in 1968. He later turned to coaching, directed the Rangers for half a season,

and became the first bench boss of the Atlanta Flames when they joined the NHL in 1972.

Geoffrion inherited his colorful nickname while playing amateur hockey. Charlie Boire, then a reporter for the Montreal *Star,* watched him banging shots off the sideboards during practice one day and said, "I think I'll call you 'Boom.' "

Geoffrion smiled at the newsman and said, "Make it two booms."

"Okay, from now on you're Boom Boom," Boire said.

And Boom Boom it was.

He used his feared slap shot to total 393 goals, which at the time of his retirement placed him fifth on the NHL's all-time goal-scoring list behind Gordie Howe, Maurice Richard, Bobby Hull, and Jean Beliveau.

Geoffrion, who packed 185 pounds on a rugged five-foot, eleven-inch frame, always considered it a sad quirk of fate that he was born a right-winger. During most of his career he played second fiddle on the NHL All-Star teams—first to Richard and then to Howe. Their brilliance cut deeply into the number of individual awards that Geoffrion's talent normally would have brought him. As a result, the Boomer was named to the first All-Star team only once.

However, Geoffrion is able to point to other achievements with a great deal of pride. Richard never won a scoring title; Geoffrion won two. Neither Richard nor Howe won the Calder (Rookie-of-the-Year) award; Geoffrion did.

The Boomer became the second NHL player to score fifty goals in a season, matching Richard's high-water mark in 1961. That same year, Geoffrion won the Hart (Most Valuable Player) Trophy. Additionally, he played on seven pennant winners and six Stanley Cup championship teams.

Geoffrion also possessed one other important ingredient as a player that both Richard and Howe lacked. The Boomer was colorful. He charmed people

with his wit and his *joie de vivre.* He regaled his teammates with songs, wisecracks, and practical jokes. Said former teammate Tom Johnson, "Things were never dull when the Boomer was around—on the ice or in the dressing room."

He still speaks with a French-Canadian accent, yet has been known to adjust his speech to the locale in which he finds himself. While playing and coaching in New York, he could sound like a tough-talking waterfront stevedore or a Brooklyn bartender. And when he showed up in Atlanta, he couldn't resist the impulse to sprinkle his conversations with "Y'all" and "Y'hear."

Bernard (Boom Boom) Geoffrion was born in Montreal on February 16, 1931. He played his first organized hockey with the St. Francis Xavier school team. He moved through the Midget and Juvenile ranks and thence on to Junior "A" competition in his native city.

It was Sylvio Mantha who gave Geoffrion a chance to prove himself after the Boomer was tossed off a juvenile team. Mantha, who earned a place in the Hall of Fame after fourteen seasons as a hard-rock defenseman with the Canadiens, was coaching Concordia in the old Quebec Amateur Hockey Association in 1946 when he invited Geoffrion to join the team.

Mantha took over as coach of the Montreal Nationals amateur team the following year and brought the Boomer with him. Geoffrion remained with the Nats for four years, playing for Mantha and later for Pete Moran. He scored forty-one goals during the 1948–49 season, fifty-two the following season, and concluded his amateur career with a fifty-four goal year in 1950–51.

By now, Geoffrion was being hailed as a budding Rocket Richard. Dick Irvin, then the Canadiens' coach, called the Boomer up for a trial late in the 1950–51 season. He played in eighteen games, exclusive of the playoffs, that spring and totaled eight goals and fourteen points. Geoffrion was aware that if he had played in twenty regular-season games with the Canadiens he

David Bier

Montreal's "Boom Boom" Geoffrion twice won the NHL scoring title.

would not qualify for Rookie-of-the-Year honors the following season. "And I want to be Rookie of the Year," he said.

At the start of the 1951–52 season, Irvin placed Geoffrion on a line with left-wing Paul Meger, another rookie, and center Billy Reay. The Boomer scored thirty goals and finished sixth in the NHL scoring race ahead of such established stars as Bill Mosienko, Ted Kennedy, Milt Schmidt, Sid Abel, and the Boomer's idol, Rocket Richard.

When the votes were tabulated for Rookie of the Year, Geoffrion finished first, twelve points ahead of the runner-up, linemate Meger. Alex Delvecchio of Detroit was an also-ran.

Dick Irvin wasn't surprised by Geoffrion's work during his first full season with the Canadiens. "I can remember when they said there would never be another player like Howie Morenz, but Richard came long and he's better than Morenz was, and Geoffrion is going to be even better than both of them," Irvin said in the spring of 1952.

"That kid is a better player right now than Richard was in his first season. He can do more things with the puck. He can stickhandle, skate both ways, and take care of himself. And he's got a shot that rates above Charlie Conacher's."

Bert Olmstead was playing for the Canadiens then and remembers a goal Geoffrion scored against Al Rollins of the Toronto Maple Leafs. The Boomer startled Rollins with a thirty-foot angle shot. "They don't shoot them out of guns any faster than that," Olmstead said. "Rollins didn't make his move until the puck was in the net."

Rollins has his own memories of Boom Boom's booming shot. "He once hit my pads with a shot just under the knee and it left me numb. I thought my toes were paralyzed," Rollins confessed.

It was also during his first full season with the Canadiens that Geoffrion established himself as a blithe spirit. He and his teammates were guests at a civic

dinner in the mining town of Rouyn, Quebec. Word got around that the Boomer was an accomplished singer. During a lull in the proceedings, the chairman of the dinner asked Irvin if he could persuade Geoffrion to man the microphone.

"Try and keep him away from it," Irvin said.

Which song would the Boomer sing? He made his own selection.

"I'm going to sing a song dedicated to Mr. Irvin and Rocket Richard," the Boomer told the audience. "The name of the song is, 'They Tried to Tell Us We're Too Young.' "

Geoffrion brought down the house with that one. In another incident during the 1953–54 season he brought down the wrath of all New York fans by engaging in a stick-swinging fight with Ron Murphy of the Rangers. Murphy wound up with a broken jaw; Geoffrion was fined $100 and suspended from the Canadiens' next seven games against the Rangers.

The 1954–55 season was one Geoffrion never will forget—for various reasons. In a game against the Rangers that season he blasted five shots behind Gump Worsley. Boom Boom said later he should have had six goals, claiming he got his stick on a goal credited to Tom Johnson.

Ah, well, five goals was still something to crow about, equaling Rocket Richard's club record. It also helped the Boomer beat out Richard for the scoring championship that season. The two were locked in a tight battle for scoring honors when Richard was suspended for Montreal's final three games and the playoffs for belting an official. Montreal fans urged Geoffrion, who was second at the time, not to score so Richard could win the championship. But the Boomer played his normal game and edged Richard by one point.

"What could I do?" Geoffrion reasoned. "The Rocket was my idol, but it wasn't my fault that he was suspended. The team was fighting for first. I couldn't deliberately not score."

The fans refused to forgive him. They booed him in

the Forum and razzed him in the street. He came close to quitting the team. It was Richard and Jean Beliveau who finally convinced the Boomer to ignore the fans and continue playing.

Almost three years later, on January 27, 1958, Geoffrion suffered a near-fatal accident during a routine practice session. He collided with Andre Pronovost, skated one hundred feet farther, and then collapsed. The Boomer was taken to a hospital where an operation for a ruptured bowel saved his life.

Doctors suggested that Geoffrion forget about playing hockey again. So did his wife, Marlene, the daughter of Howie Morenz. Marlene Geoffrion remembered how her father had died six weeks after being injured in a game in 1937.

"You can imagine what went on while I lay there in the hospital," Geoffrion said. "My wife begged me to quit. She said that hockey had caused enough tragedy in the family . . . that she didn't want our three children to be without a father."

The Boomer spent some time recuperating in Florida, then advised his wife he was ready to return to action. "Don't worry," he said, "they don't want any right-wingers in heaven yet." He rejoined the Canadiens in time for the final round of the 1958 playoffs against the Boston Bruins. In the climactic sixth game he scored the first goal, set up the second, and accounted for the winner as Montreal skated off with its third straight Stanley Cup.

The Canadiens retained the Cup for the next two seasons, giving them an unprecedented five straight championships. Then came the 1960–61 season. Geoffrion tied Richard's fifty-goal scoring record and won the NHL scoring championship for the second time. But he was disabled for the Canadiens' opening round playoff series against the Black Hawks; he had a twisted left knee.

While traveling by train to Chicago for the sixth game, Geoffrion studied the heavy plaster cast imprisoning his injured knee. Suddenly, he hollered for

Doug Harvey. "One more loss and we're out of it, Doug," he said. "Let's cut the cast."

Harvey borrowed a knife and they slipped into a washroom where they removed the cast. The next morning Geoffrion asked coach Toe Blake for permission to play against the Hawks. Blake, though a little reluctant, said the Boomer could "take one turn."

At game time, Geoffrion's left leg was frozen with pain-killer. Bobby Hull and Reggie Fleming knocked the Boomer flying on his first turn on the ice. He got up, tried again, but the knee was useless. Without Geoffrion, the Canadiens lost the game and missed the playoff finals for the first time in eleven years.

A month after the Canadiens' downfall, Geoffrion was voted the NHL's Most Valuable Player. He also was named right wing on the first All-Star team. Not even Gordie Howe could cheat him out of that.

Frank Selke Jr., then the Canadiens' public-relations director, said, "That's the story of Boomer's life. Big triumph, then big tragedy. It's been a continuous cycle."

Geoffrion enjoyed three more twenty-goal seasons, but the physical infirmities he had endured for fourteen years were starting to catch up with him. In addition to his knee and stomach problems, he had suffered separations of both shoulders, torn chest, rib, and back muscles, a severe ankle injury, and bursitis in his right elbow. His nose had been broken nine times and he had required countless stitches for facial cuts.

In the fall of 1964, Bernie Geoffrion hung up his skates. He was only thirty-three. He had been led to believe that when Blake retired as the Canadiens' coach he would be given consideration as Toe's successor. With this in mind, Boomer agreed to do some apprentice coaching at Quebec City. In two years, his teams won two pennants, but were eliminated in the opening round of the playoffs both times.

He was back in Montreal in the spring of 1966—jobless. "I thought I would come back to coach the Canadiens," he said. "There were no promises, but Blake was retiring, always retiring. I was to be in the

running." Blake, though, wasn't retiring—not for two more years.

"I was only thirty-five then and my legs felt good," Geoffrion says. "I figured, what the hell, if I can't get a coaching job I can still play."

Emile Francis of the Rangers agreed. He obtained the rights to Geoffrion and signed him as a player for about $25,000. "They thought it was a publicity stunt," the Boomer says. "I showed them it wasn't."

He scored seventeen goals and twenty-five assists in fifty-eight games during the 1966–67 season and led the Rangers to their first playoff berth in five years. "The Boomer had the knack of picking up the team," said the Rangers' Rod Gilbert. "Younger players like me remembered what a great player he was and we looked up to him and he showed us how to do it."

It was a remarkable comeback, but it lasted only until the Stanley Cup playoffs of 1968. In the Rangers' second game of the opening round against the Black Hawks, Geoffrion set up a goal by Harry Howell. It was the Boomer's 822nd NHL point—and his last. He was cut down by a painful ulcer.

Though he had displayed great courage throughout his career, Geoffrion feared the surgery his doctors had recommended. But when the playoffs were over, he checked into Manhattan's St. Clare's Hospital and underwent abdominal surgery. "They took out half my stomach," he said.

A month later, Geoffrion walked into Emile Francis's office in Madison Square Garden for a chat. He walked out as the new coach of the Rangers.

The Boomer plunged headlong into his new job, shouting and preaching and threatening everyone who would listen: "Emile Francis brought this club into fourth place and then into second. There's only one place left for me to go. We can win it all. And we will win. Any player who doesn't believe that will have to get used to living on a minor-league salary."

The Rangers got off to a good start under Geoffrion's driving leadership. In early December 1968 they took

over first place by beating the Canadiens in Montreal. A month later, they hit the skids—and so did the Boomer. An eight-game winless streak dumped the Rangers into last place.

Following a game at Oakland, Geoffrion collapsed in the dressing room. He was taken to a hospital suffering from mental and physical exhaustion. Six days later, he handed the coaching job back to Francis.

Tears welled in the Boomer's eyes when the announcement was made at a New York press conference. "I feel very bad to leave a club like this in last place," he said. "I did my best with this club. It's not my fault that my health won't let me continue. I hope it won't keep me from coming back."

Geoffrion did come back, serving first as an assistant to Francis and later as a Ranger scout. Then he moved on to Atlanta, where he resumed his coaching career in 1972. Hockey wiseacres predicted the expansion club would put the Boomer back in the hospital again. But the Flames remained in the fight for a playoff spot until the final month of the season and Geoffrion remained in glowing health. The Flames then set a record of sorts by gaining a spot in the playoffs in the second year of their existence. They were wiped out by the Philadelphia Flyers in the opening round, but Geoffrion was rewarded with a new contract.

The same intense drive that Boom Boom Geoffrion displayed as a player—that helped him refute the man who predicted he would never make it in the NHL—was now sustaining him as a coach.

In living by the sword, in his case a hockey stick, he paid a high price. He accumulated the astounding total of 978 stitches on his body; he had his nose broken fourteen times, his jaw shattered five times, and had all his teeth knocked out.

EDDIE SHORE: JEKYLL AND HYDE

Eddie Shore and Bobby Orr. Is it only a coincidence that the names of these two great defensemen have a rhythmic ring? Call it the ring of distinction. One saved the Boston Bruins in their infancy; the other was a savior, too, employing his marvelous talents to earn the Bruins their first Stanley Cup championship in thirty-one years.

Eddie Shore and Bobby Orr. Who would you consider the greatest? It's like trying to compare Man O'War with Citation, Count Fleet with Secretariat. An impossible task.

It is easier to study their personalities.

Bobby Orr is an uncomplicated person. He is normally even-tempered on and off the ice. Eddie Shore is the reincarnated Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He was that way as a player and has remained that way in the twilight of his life.

Austen Lake contributed the most concise analysis of Edward William Shore while employed as a sports columnist for the Boston *American* in 1939. Lake wrote:

> Encountered socially, Shore is a mild man, disarmingly meek and quick to grin. His name has never been entered in a Boston police blotter for hot-spot hooliganisms. . . . He has never biffed any of the pestiferous fans who sometimes woo

destruction in rival hockey cities. His record is clear of the inebriacies which have become folk-tales in other professional sports. In short, Eddie Shore is a docile, orderly person who goes home nights and reads magazines for pleasure.

That is his Dr. Jekyll side!

But drop Shore on a rectangle of ice with pads on his person, a curved stick in his hands and chromium scooters on his feet and he becomes an uproarious and often hostile gent who at the slightest provocation will kick out people's teeth, bust them over the skull or wreck them in crippling collisions.

That is his Mr. Hyde side!

Lake attributed Shore's split personality to "his unique nervous hook-up . . . a tendency to reason by emotion."

Shore scoffed at those words when they were written more than three decades ago, dismissing them as "a lot of bunk." But it is true that throughout his entire career—as a player and coach and club owner—he was extremely emotional.

The first fight he got into as a National Hockey League rookie was with a teammate; he went on from there to battle all the "toughies" and some who weren't so tough, and once came within a hairbreadth of killing a man on the ice. He also came close to being killed.

Yes, Eddie Shore had a tendency to reason by emotion. In living by the sword, in his case a hockey stick, he paid a high price, too. He accumulated the astounding total of 978 stitches on his body; he had his nose broken fourteen times, his jaw shattered five times, and had all his teeth knocked out.

Yet Shore emerged from fourteen years of NHL combat with other impressive statistics. He won the Hart Trophy as the league's Most Valuable Player four times, a record for a defenseman (Orr has three Harts to his credit). The only player to win more MVPs than Shore was Gordie Howe, a five-time winner.

Shore was a member of eight All-Star teams and helped spark the Bruins to two Stanley Cup championships (1929 and 1939). He had a career total of 108 goals, an unusually high figure for a defenseman in hockey's preexpansion days.

It was Shore who revolutionized the role of the defenseman. Before he entered the NHL in 1926, the defenseman was primarily "the cop on the beat," using his stick like a billy club to ward off attacks. Shore found another use for his stick—setting up plays with bold rink-length rushes that brought the fans to their feet and caught most rivals flat-footed.

Bobby Orr now is the epitome of the rushing defenseman, but it was Shore who introduced and perfected that style of play.

Hammy Moore, who was the Bruins' trainer during Shore's heyday, often marveled at Eddie's ability to generate excitement. "He was the only player I ever saw who had the whole arena standing every time he rushed down the ice," Moore said. "You see, when Eddie carried the puck you were always sure something would happen. He would end up bashing somebody, get into a fight, or score a goal."

Controversy was Eddie Shore's middle name. The record books say he was born in Fort Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, on November 25, 1902. Eddie has been known to argue about that. Asked once to confirm whether he was born in Fort Qu'Appelle or Regina, he snapped, "Neither! I was born in an ox-cart on a road between the two places."

Of Irish heritage, Shore learned to absorb aches and pains early in life as a cowboy on a cattle ranch owned and operated by his father. When he wasn't busy calf-roping or bronco-busting, he perfected his skating on frozen ponds near home.

Shore was a forward at the outset of his hockey career, but converted to defense soon after. While playing for Edmonton of the Western Canada Hockey League, his headlong rushes down ice earned him the nickname, "The Edmonton Express." When the West-

ern League folded, Shore's contract was purchased by the Bruins. That was in 1926.

Orr was a fuzzy-cheeked boy of eighteen when he turned pro with the Bruins. Shore was pushing twenty-four when he showed up in Boston's training camp, a former cowboy with thinning hair and roughhewn features. He didn't look like a rookie, but he was treated like one, especially by Billy Coutu, a 210-pound six-footer who feared Shore was after his job.

For two days, Coutu and Shore belted each other back and forth in practice. On the third day, the rival defensemen crashed violently at mid-ice. Coutu reeled back from the impact and landed on his back. Shore remained standing. But his left ear was sliced from top to bottom.

"The ear was just hamburger . . . it was hanging by a thread," Shore recalled.

The Bruins' club physician told Shore he couldn't save the ear. Eddie visited several other doctors and finally found one who agreed to listen to the rookie. "Do me a favor," Shore said to the doctor. "Sew the ear back on, no ether or gas, though, and let me have a mirror so I can see that you do the job right."

The stitching job was completed to Shore's satisfaction and it wasn't long before Eddie had Coutu's job. The Bruins, who had finished last the previous year, vaulted into second place during Shore's rookie season. He set a penalty record of 130 minutes in forty games, but still managed twelve goals and six assists to outscore all but the three top Boston forwards.

Two years later, the Bruins won their first Stanley Cup championship. By this time, Shore had become hockey's greatest gate attraction. Art Ross, then the boss of the Bruins, once had Shore skate onto the ice wearing a matador's cloak—with a valet at a distance—while the band played "Hail to the Chief." It was great box office.

The Boston fans came to praise their "Caesar," while rival fans and players came to bury him.

Shore came close to being buried by Babe Siebert in a game against the Montreal Canadiens in 1930.

Hall of Fame

For fourteen seasons, Eddie Shore committed mayhem in a Boston Bruins jersey.

Shore played surprisingly well for the Americans while commuting between Springfield and New York, helping both the Americans and the Indians into playoff berths. At one point in March of 1940 he appeared in six playoff games in six nights—three for Springfield and three for the Americans. Not bad for an "old man" of thirty-seven.

In a playoff game against Detroit on March 24, 1940, Shore teamed on defense with Charlie Conacher and also had his former Montreal rival, Nels Stewart, as a teammate on the Americans. It was the last Cup game for all three Hall of Famers.

Once Shore hung up his skates, he threw himself headlong into the job of operating the Springfield club. He hired and fired coaches in record numbers. One former coach said, "Shore wants to run the team himself. He only wants the coach to act as a figurehead. He wants him to be a gate-opener."

There are many members of the Shore Alumni, Springfield branch, who can testify to the bizarre systems he used to make better players out of them. Eddie always believed that balance was the secret of athletic prowess, and he once opened a training camp by making his players tap dance in the hotel lobby—just to keep them on their toes, as it were.

During practice he would tape a player's hands to his stick or circle his legs with a rope to make certain he observed the proper spacing of hands and legs. And when the players weren't busy at practice he would use them to paint the arena seats, blow up balloons, or make popcorn for the concession stands.

Ken Schinkel spent his first five years in pro hockey playing for Shore. He was one of Eddie's most attentive students and the lessons he learned in Springfield paid off in 1972 when he was named coach of the Pittsburgh Penguins.

"I remember a game we played in Hershey and we really got clobbered," Schinkel said. "I think the final score was 9–2. Eddie came into the dressing room and said, 'I don't want anybody leaving here alone. We're

all going back to the hotel together.' We were all dying for a beer or two to drown our sorrow, but I figured we'd be lucky to get a Coke.

"Well, on the drive back to the hotel, Eddie made a detour. He took us to a roadside tavern, threw a pile of bills of the bar, and said, 'Okay, let's forget about that damn game we lost and get pickled.' That's the kind of guy Eddie was. I know if I was ever in trouble he's the first man I'd go to for help."

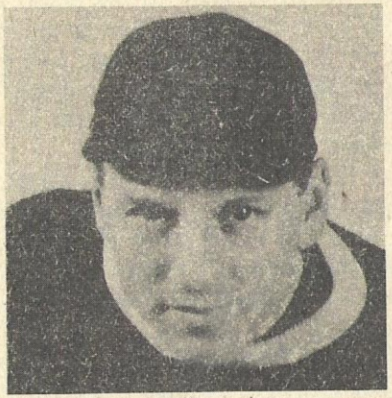
Not all of Shore's former hirelings speak that kindly about the man. Dale Rolfe, a defenseman for the Rangers, was a member of the 1966 Springfield team that staged a wildcat strike. The mere mention of Shore's name produces a torrent of blasphemous oaths from Rolfe.

Despite the fact that Shore kept up a running battle with fans, players, coaches, and writers, he operated a successful franchise in Springfield. What he bought for $42,000 in 1939, he sold for a reported $1,000,000 in 1967 to Jack Kent Cooke as a farm team for the Los Angeles Kings.

In 1973, after spending more than fifty of his seventy-one years in organized hockey, Eddie Shore was showing no signs of slowing down. He appeared at an American Hockey League meeting in Montreal (informed sources claimed he still was the brains behind the Springfield franchise) and regaled old friends with tales of the past.

He claimed he had survived four heart attacks and a bout with cancer. "One doctor told me in 1940 I only had six months to live and here it is 1973 and I'm still around," he said with a chuckle. During the 1974 draft meetings in Montreal, Eddie got annoyed with a major league scout who had too much to drink and flattened the man with one punch.

That's how Eddie Shore became a septuagenarian—by defying the medical profession with the same unquenchable spirit he displayed as a player.



When he headed down ice, he would find himself facing such notable bashers as Eddie Shore, Lionel Hitchman, Tabby Abel, Ching Johnson, and Red Horner. He relied on speed, stickhandling, and maneuverability to avoid being decapitated by such burly opponents.

AUREL JOLIAT: MIGHTY MITE

Hockey fans who watch little Yvan Cournoyer of the Montreal Canadiens zip around rival defensemen like a pixillated gnat, marvel at his speed and free-wheeling skating style. What they may not realize is that they are witnessing a figurative reincarnation of another player who once wore the *bleu, blanc et rouge* of the Canadiens.

Aurel Joliat was the Yvan Cournoyer of his day. He was small—five feet, six inches—and there were times when his weight dipped to 130 pounds. He was as swift as the wind that blows across the St. Lawrence River on a wintry day. And, like Cournoyer, he was a man of amazing strength.

Frank Boucher, a fellow Hall of Famer, was once asked what it was like to play against Aurel Joliat. Said Boucher, "He was a will-of-the-wisp. A fantastic skater."

New York fans never will forget an exhibition of free-skating that Joliat put on in 1968—thirty years after he retired!

He joined several other Hall of Famers at a special ceremony preceding the final hockey game played in the old Madison Square Garden. As each old-timer was introduced, he skated down one side of the rink, circled the net, and skated back up ice. Several made the trip on wobbly skates.

Among those who drew warm applause from the crowd were Boucher and other former Rangers like Bill and Bun Cook, Taffy Abel, and Ching Johnson. Maurice (Rocket) Richard was there, too, along with Sid Abel, Eddie Shore, Babe Pratt, Turk Broda, and Bill Durnan.

But it was Aurel Joliat who stole the show. Wearing the same tiny peaked cap that was his trademark as a player, Joliat skated the entire length of the ice, turned, and then cut several figure-eights on the way back. As the crowd roared its approval, Joliat did a series of pirouettes, bowed, and tipped his cap.

It was a remarkable performance. After all, Joliat then was sixty-seven years old.

Five years later, at the age of seventy-two, he showed up in Philadelphia for a dinner honoring Bobby Clarke of the Flyers as the NHL's Most Valuable Player. There was no ice rink in the Barclay Hotel for Joliat to stage another skating exhibition. Instead, he spent most of his time roughing up men almost twice his size.

Frank (King) Clancy was there and will never forget how Joliat grabbed him and applied an old-fashioned armlock. "My arm felt like it was caught in a vise," said the Hall of Fame defenseman.

It was during that same dinner that Joliat took a friendly poke at Babe Pratt, another old defenseman and Hall of Famer who outweighed Joliat by almost one hundred pounds. Pratt was knocked off balance and wound up on his knees on the carpeted dining-room floor.

"The sonofagun is still as strong as a bull," Pratt said as he regained his feet.

Joliat employed more than strength, though, in skating his way into the Hall of Fame.

Frank Selke, the former general manager of the Canadiens and the Toronto Maple Leafs, said, "Joliat was a wizard with the stick. He could skate, turn, and score from any position. And, despite his small stature, he had the heart of a lion."

Joliat put in sixteen seasons with the Canadiens (1922–38). He spent most of his career playing left wing on a line with the immortal Howie Morenz. Oddly, both men finished their NHL careers with 270 goals.

There are many old-time Montreal rooters who claim that the line of Morenz, Joliat, and right-wing Billy Boucher, Frank's brother, was one of the greatest of all time. It must have been. They sparked the Canadiens to their first Stanley Cup championship in 1924, collecting seventeen of the team's nineteen goals in six playoff games.

Three years later, Billy Boucher was traded to the Boston Bruins. He was replaced at right wing by Johnny Gagnon, the famed "Black Cat from Chicoutimi," and the line continued to fling fear and ice shavings into the faces of the opposition through the mid-thirties.

Gagnon was no slouch as a scorer; he totaled eighteen goals in his rookie season with the Canadiens in 1930–31, added nineteen the following season. Yet he admits that he didn't appreciate playing third fiddle behind Morenz and Joliat. "It was like playing behind Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig with the Yankees," he said. "They got all the glory and the money. In those days, I was getting about $3,500 a season. Morenz and Joliat got close to $10,000—a lot of money then."

When asked to describe Joliat's principal talents, Gagnon said, "Ah, Aurel was very good, especially as a stickhandler and passer. Very good. He was a lot like that young fellow with the Buffalo Sabres—Gil Perreault. Yes, Perreault reminds me a lot of Joliat, though he is much bigger, eh?"

Joliat was born in Ottawa on August 29, 1901. He showed early interest in two sports—hockey and football. He played his early hockey with the Ottawa New Edinburghs and Iroquois Falls teams. As a teen-aged football player he starred with the Ottawa Rough Riders.

In 1921, Joliat left Ottawa and headed west on a

harvest excursion train. He had hoped to play football for Regina, but a broken ankle ended that part of his career. When the ankle mended, he accepted an offer to play hockey for the Saskatoon Sheiks.

Billy Boucher was responsible for Joliat winding up with the Canadiens. Boucher kept reminding Leo Dandurand, then the boss of the Canadiens, about his boyhood chum from Ottawa who was homesick out in Saskatoon. "Joliat is a good player who will become a great player," Boucher predicted. Dandurand took Boucher's advice and traded Newsy Lalonde, who was then approaching the end of a fabulous career, to Vancouver for the little-known Joliat.

So the "Little Giant," as he came to be known, headed back East and joined the Canadiens for the start of the 1922–23 season. Joliat scored twice in his first game for Montreal. They were the only goals the Canadiens scored that night as they bowed to Toronto, 7–2. Joliat finished his rookie season with thirteen goals in twenty-four games.

Morenz joined the Canadiens the following season and took over at center on a line with Joliat and Billy Boucher. It was a trio that averaged only 145 pounds, the heaviest being Morenz at 160, yet it soon became the league's most feared line.

With these mighty mites showing the way, the Canadiens wiped out Ottawa and Vancouver in the 1924 Stanley Cup playoffs. Now they were facing Calgary in the second and decisive game of the finals. Morenz and Billy Boucher scored early to give the Canadiens a 2–0 lead. It looked like a cakewalk for Montreal until Morenz tore ligaments in his left shoulder midway in the game.

Nobody was more worried than Joliat when Morenz was helped off the ice. "It had been a rough game, you know, and suddenly those two goals looked mighty slim," Joliat said. "I had a feeling that if we couldn't hold Calgary, we'd probably lose the game and the series.

"In the third period I took off after checking a

Hall of Fame

The black-capped Frenchman, Aurel Joliat, skated in over seven-hundred games for Montreal despite weighing only 135 pounds.

Calgary rush at center ice. I wheeled around, outskated the entire Calgary team, and faked a shot at the goaltender [Charlie Reid]. Then, as I was ready to let it go, I sensed I was covered by one of their players.

"So I kept going, rounded the net, and backhanded a shot into the open corner. I then tumbled head over heels in front of the net."

Joliat survived the tumble and the Canadiens survived the loss of Morenz. Their 3–0 victory earned them the Stanley Cup and $600 each as the winners' share of the total gate receipts.

Joliat reached a career high of twenty-nine goals in twenty-four games during the 1924–25 season. Morenz had twenty-seven and Billy Boucher added eighteen. Now the mighty mites were really rolling. And so were the Canadiens. They finished first in 1927–28 and again the following season. Billy Boucher was gone by now, but Morenz and Joliat carried on, sparking the Canadiens to two more Stanley Cup triumphs in 1930 and 1931.

In the final round of the 1931 playoffs, the Canadiens were pitted against the Chicago Black Hawks. Two of the first four games had ended in overtime and now it was time for the decisive fifth game in the Montreal Forum. The Black Hawks went for broke soon after the opening faceoff, but Joliat helped turn the tide, halting five Chicago rushes in the first two minutes.

When Gagnon, the Mighty Mites' new sidekick, beat Chicago goalie Charlie Gardiner, the Montreal fans went wild. But that was nothing compared to the ovation they gave Morenz when he scored the clinching goal in the Canadiens' 2–0 victory.

Morenz had taken a bad spill earlier when he skated over a frozen coin on the Forum ice. He shook it off and, according to Joliat, then scored what must have been an electrifying goal.

Joliat said, "I will never forget that moment. Howie had rushed away from us with the puck and headed down center ice. He was checked at the defense and a

Chicago player picked up the puck, then I recaptured it.

"I had taken only two strides when I heard somebody scream 'Joliat!' from right wing. It was Howie. He had raced back on my left wing, whirled around behind me, and now was skating full steam down the right. I gave him the puck and he went clean through the defense to beat Gardiner. Not even Rocket Richard ever scored a goal like that."

Joliat, like Morenz, was now a marked man in the league. When he headed down ice, he would find himself facing such notable bashers as Eddie Shore, Lionel Hitchman, Tabby Abel, Ching Johnson, and Red Horner. He relied on speed, stickhandling, and maneuverability to avoid being decapitated by such burly opponents.

However, Joliat was anything but a pacifist. He had, in fact, a surprisingly hot temper for such a little fellow, and would do battle with anyone who attempted to knock his little black cap off his head.

"I lost most of the fights, of course," he said. "But I won one in Montreal. It was against the chief of police. He was at one game as a spectator—not in any official capacity. He jumped on the ice during a game between the Canadiens and the Maroons. He was wearing a big raccoon coat. I pulled it off and belted him. I got the better of that one, all right."

When Joliat wasn't picking himself and his cap off the ice he was busy scoring goals. He led the Canadiens in scoring for the second straight year in 1934. That same year he was named winner of the Hart Trophy as the NHL's Most Valuable Player.

Morenz, meanwhile, had started to hit the skids. He was traded to Chicago during the 1934–35 season. Georges Mantha replaced Morenz at center on the Joliat line, then Mantha gave way to Pit Lepine. The Canadiens finished third in their division and were eliminated quickly in the playoffs.

The next season they finished last with a grim 11–26–11 record. A howl went up for the return of

Morenz. Back he came, reunited with Joliat and Gagnon for the 1936–37 campaign. In a game against the Black Hawks on January 28, 1937, Morenz suffered a severe leg fracture.

"I cried that night," Joliat recalled. "I knew Howie wouldn't be back. We were very close and I knew Howie was worried about burning himself out. I tried to talk him into slowing down his pace . . . but he couldn't do it. He could only play full-out. When his leg shattered that night, I knew there was no way he could come back. He was through and we all knew it."

Less than two months later, while still in the hospital, Morenz died of a heart seizure.

With Morenz's death the fierce spark in Joliat seemed to die, too. Age and injuries were catching up with the tiny French-Canadian. He was thirty-six and had survived six shoulder separations, three broken ribs, five nose fractures, plus an assortment of routine injuries.

Joliat scored seventeen goals during the 1936–37 season. When his production dropped to six the following season, he retired. His tiny body had carried him through some seven hundred pro games and earned him recognition as one of the hockey's greatest left-wingers.

Following his retirement, Joliat approached the Canadiens about a job in the organization. He was turned down. He coached for a while at junior level, but wasn't too successful. Like many other famous players who turned to coaching, he was too impatient with the imperfections of his underlings.

He later took a job as a railway passenger-ticket agent in Ottawa. In 1945, he and Howie Morenz were voted into the Hall of Fame. Fans everywhere figured this was only natural. Joliat and Morenz were inseparable linemates and pals for twelve seasons; now they were entering the Hall of Fame together.

Joliat was honored with a special "night" at the Montreal Forum in 1947. Once more he moved out

to center ice while applause thundered in his ears. But this time he walked on a red carpet. He was wearing his famed black cap.

Nobody suggested that Joliat put on a pair of skates and take a whirl around the rink. This presumably disappointed him. Yet it was a great night. He received a scroll representing his entry into the Hall of Fame. He also got a check for $7,520, the result of a week-long campaign on his behalf. More funds came in later, the total reaching close to $10,000. That was almost ten times what he was paid for his rookie season with the Canadiens.

In recent years, Joliat has been sitting at home in Ottawa, reading wistfully of rookies signing contracts that guarantee them more than $100,000 a year. He knows he was born at least forty years too soon, but he doesn't brood about it.

"Money isn't everything," he said. "I think we had more fun than the boys do today."

Albert (Battleship) Leduc started calling the trio "Ze Sauerkrauts," which was later reduced to "the Krauts" and then to "the Kraut Line." Leduc didn't realize it at the time, but that nickname was to become famous—one of the most famous in hockey history.

MILT SCHMIDT: THE KITCHENER KID

They were three kids from Kitchener—Milt Schmidt and Bobby Bauer and Woody Dumart. Their story has the ring of those improbable novels that one is saturated with as a youngster about boyhood chums scaling the heights together, all for one and one for all.

However, there was nothing improbable about the way that Schmidt and Bauer and Dumart graduated from a junior amateur team in Kitchener, Ontario, and went on to gain fame together as members of the Boston Bruins in the late 1930s and mid-1940s.

They were hockey's version of the Three Musketeers, but they were christened the "Kraut Line" by Albert (Battleship) Leduc, their first pro coach. Leduc's inspiration was simple: Schmidt, Bauer, and Dumart were all of German ancestry.

Schmidt and Dumart were born in Kitchener, a city nestled in the rolling hills about sixty miles west of Toronto where the bulk of the 45,000 residents are of German descent. (Kitchener originally had been called Berlin, but World War I decreed the discreet change of names. When World War II erupted, history repeated itself and the Kraut Line was temporarily rechristened the Kitchener Kids).

Schmidt's home in Kitchener was a mile from Dumart's and about another mile from Bauer's in the adjoining twin city of Waterloo.

"I don't remember exactly when I first met Porky—that's what we always called Dumart—but I must have been about seven or eight," Schmidt said recently. "Porky was about a year and a half older than me and big for his age. He played defense then.

"I didn't see so much of Bobby when I was a kid since he lived across the Grand River, but all of us knew each other and kept running into each other playing hockey or football or baseball."

Schmidt and Dumart became teammates for the first time when they represented Kitchener in the Ontario Junior Hockey Association. In their third year, (1934–35), they were joined by Bauer, who had been attending St. Michael's College in Toronto. At the close of that season, Bauer and Dumart were signed to pro contracts by the Bruins. The two teen-agers lost little time telling Art Ross, then the Boston general manager, about Schmidt. Ross invited Schmidt, via letter, to attend the Bruins' training camp in September of 1935.

Schmidt's return letter to Ross was a classic. He wrote: "Thank you very much for your invitation. I shall be very happy to attend your camp and will start working immediately to save money for my transportation."

Schmidt chuckles every time somebody mentions that letter. "I was only a kid and didn't know any better," he points out. "There was no mention of sending me transportation money, so I took it for granted I'd have to pay for it."

Ross informed Schmidt by return mail he needn't worry about expenses—that the Bruins were a big-league club. Milt showed up at the Boston training camp at St. John, New Brunswick, in the fall of 1935. He admits he was the epitome of a wide-eyed rookie.

"I had never been in a big hotel before," he said. "I thought that was really something, living in the same hotel with the Bruins. I guess the kids of today don't get the same thrill. They have traveled first class with junior teams for a few years before they turn pro."

The impressionable kid from Kitchener was offered a pro contract by Ross soon after the start of training camp. "I turned it down because I felt I needed another year of junior hockey," Schmidt said. "After all, I was only a punk kid of seventeen. Art Ross gave me a new pair of skates, told me to put on some weight, and come back the following year."

Schmidt then was carrying only 125 pounds on a six-foot frame. The following year, when he was somewhat sturdier in physique, he joined Bauer and Dumart on the Providence Reds, the Bruins' main farm team. They were placed on the same line at the instigation of Ross. Schmidt centered for right-wing Bauer and left-wing Dumart.

Their coach was Leduc, a colorful French-Canadian and one-time defenseman with Montreal. Leduc started calling the trio "Ze Sauerkrauts," which was later reduced to "the Krauts" and then to the "Kraut Line." Leduc didn't realize it at the time, but that nickname was to become famous—one of the most famous in hockey history.

Early in the 1936–37 season, Schmidt was called up from Providence to fill in for injured Boston players on several occasions. In February 1937 he and Dumart were up to stay. Bauer, ailing most of the season, remained in Providence. Ross paired the rookies on a line with the veteran Dit Clapper. It was a perfect alliance of youthful energy and the calm wisdom of experience.

"Dit taught us hockey and was a second father to us at the same time. We didn't have a chance to get into fights. The minute trouble started, we would be pushed aside and Dit would handle it."

The first game Schmidt and Dumart played together as Bruins was against the Canadiens at the Montreal Forum on February 4, 1937. The Bruins clobbered the Canadiens, 6–2. Schmidt collected an assist on a Clapper goal.

It took Schmidt eighteen games to score his first NHL goal. It came in a game against the Black Hawks

at Chicago on March 11, 1937. Milt recalls picking up the puck in the Bruin zone . . . dashing down center ice . . . splitting Chicago defensemen Earl Seibert and Art Wiebe . . . then flipping the puck behind goalie Mike Karakas.

"Earl Seibert was a Kitchener boy," Schmidt recalled. Then he smiled. "I like to think that was just a coincidence."

Schmidt scored a second goal that night, on an assist from Dumart, and the Bruins skated off with a 6–2 victory, Curiously, Schmidt's two goals against the Black Hawks represented his entire goal production for the Bruins over the final two months of the 1936–37 season. The eight assists he picked up gave him a total of ten points. Dumart finished his abbreviated season with the Bruins with four goals and four assists.

When Bauer was called up for the Bruins' final game of the season—and scored a goal—the Krauts had arrived.

They arrived at a good time. Ross was in the process of collecting and molding one of the NHL's great teams. Bill Cowley, a great stickhandler and playmaker, and Flash Hollett, one of the game's finest handymen, had joined the Bruins the year before. Eddie Shore was still around and so were Clapper and Cooney Weiland. Still to come were Roy Conacher, Mel (Sudden Death) Hill, Herb Cain, Johnny Crawford, and the nerveless goalie, Frankie Brimsek.

But the heart and spark of the Boston team were the Krauts. In their first full season (1937–38), they totaled forty-six goals as the Bruins soared to the Eastern Division title, only to be wiped out by Toronto in the opening round of the Stanley Cup playoffs.

For the next three years, the kids from Kitchener were the hottest things on skates. They helped the Bruins win three straight league championships and two Stanley Cups.

Schmidt's first great hockey thrill came in the spring of 1939 as a member of Boston's Cup champions. There's something about having one's name engraved

on the huge old silver mug that supercedes anything else in the game. As Milt put it: "It means you've reached the top. It means you can't go any higher."

But Schmidt did soar higher the following season (1939–40) when he won the NHL scoring championship with fifty-two points in forty-eight games. Dumart and Bauer tied for second with forty-three points apiece. It was the first time in league history that linemates occupied the top three positions in the scoring race. Schmidt also was named to his first NHL All-Star team that season.

In the spring of 1941, Schmidt again had his name etched on the Stanley Cup. He enjoyed his greatest playoff, totaling eleven points in eleven games and helping the Bruins wipe out Detroit in four games in the final round.

By now Schmidt's career had been a succession of thrills. And, characteristically, each was shared with his fellow Krauts. Like their last game before they left for service in the Royal Canadian Air Force during World War II.

Dumart was called to the colors first. Then Bauer, with a wife dependent on his Bruin paycheck, and Schmidt rushed to enlist. They were the Krauts. If one were going to get into this mess, they all would. Bauer even lowered his age a wee bit, a harmless white lie that enabled him to get in under the wire with his linemates.

Boston Garden was jammed the night of February 10, 1942, when it became known that this would be the Krauts' last game for the duration. There were gifts from the fans, ID bracelets from their teammates, and bonus checks from the Bruins' management. Milt, Porky, and Bobby rewarded their well-wishers by figuring in five goals in an 8–1 rout of the Canadiens.

But to Milt Schmidt, the high point of the night came when the game was over—when their Boston teammates and the Canadiens, bitter enemies scant seconds before, hoisted the Krauts to their shoulders

and skated off the ice while the organist played "Auld Lang Syne."

Looking back on that incident years later, Schmidt said, "A man couldn't ever forget a thing like that."

The Krauts spent three years on airfields in England, Schmidt and Dumart as squadron sports officers, Bauer as a radar sergeant. There was little time for hockey. "Just enough to let us know we still could skate," Schmidt said.

Boston fans gave Schmidt and his two sidekicks a tumultuous welcome when they returned home in time for the Bruins' opening game of the 1946–47 season. But the war years had taken their toll in weakened muscles and faulty timing. The Krauts failed to score a goal and the Bruins lost to the Black Hawks, 5–4.

The postwar years were a time of frustration for the Bruins. The cycle that had brought championships to Boston had swung to Detroit, Toronto, and Montreal. Such Bruin greats as Cowley, Clapper, Hollett, and Cain had retired. And at the end of the 1946–47 season, Bobby Bauer called it quits. The Kraut Line was broken up.

Bauer was the only NHL player who ever chose to retire after a season in which he scored thirty goals, the equivalent of batting .350 in baseball. The oldest and tiniest Kraut explained: "Fellows I used to skate away from are hitting me now. I'll quit while I'm ahead."

Once the Kraut Line was split up (Dumart remained an active player with the Bruins until 1954), Milt Schmidt became a handyman in an unusual sense. A succession of Bruin coaches would start with Schmidt and build new lines around him.

Schmidt carried on nobly, and though he would never again play on a Stanley Cup championship team he won the Hart Trophy as the NHL's Most Valuable Player at the end of the 1950–51 season.

Another great night in the Schmidt saga occurred on March 18, 1952, in Boston Garden. Milt and Dumart were honored before a game against the Black Hawks.

New York Rangers

Milt Schmidt and his "Kraut Line" led the Bruins to Stanley Cup championships in 1939 and 1941.

They were presented with money and gifts totaling close to $20,000. Then Bobby Bauer skated onto the ice. He was officially reinstated as a player and the Kraut Line was reunited for one final fling together.

Three wonderful things happened that night: Schmidt collected the two hundredth goal of his career (with assists from Dumart and Bauer); Bauer, now rotund and out of action for almost five years, scored a picture goal in the third period, and the Bruins clinched a playoff spot by beating the Black Hawks, 4–0.

But the highpoint of the occasion for the Boston fans, many of whom had watched the Krauts debut as youngsters fifteen years before, was an impromptu speech delivered from center ice by Schmidt.

Said Milt: "You people have given me what I desired most in life—friendship and support. You will always be remembered."

Schmidt wanted to retire then because the wear and tear of hockey combat was starting to catch up with him. He had been called "the fastest playmaker of all time," by Art Ross, but his full-throttle style of attack left him vulnerable to injuries. When Schmidt was body-checked by a rugged defenseman like Detroit's Jack Stewart, the impact was more like a crash than a mere check.

Gordie Howe remembers those Schmidt-Stewart collisions. "I played with Stewart and I can tell you he was mean and tough," Howe said. "But Milt Schmidt never backed away from him or anybody else. He was a tremendously strong skater and he had a lot of guts."

For all his courage and sinew, Schmidt suffered an almost endless succession of injuries—broken ribs, a fractured jaw, a broken nose, severe injuries to his knees, and a recurrent wry neck. But he almost always managed to get onto the ice somehow and play.

In one playoff series against Toronto, when both his knees were so banged up from repeated injuries that he literally couldn't bend them, Schmidt had his legs taped from the ankle to the thigh and then had himself lifted off the rubbing table and onto his skates.

The man who was christened Milton Conrad Schmidt at his birth in Kitchener on March 5, 1918, continued to shrug off his bumps and bruises until midway in the 1954–55 season. A knee injury that had failed to heal properly convinced Schmidt that it was time to retire.

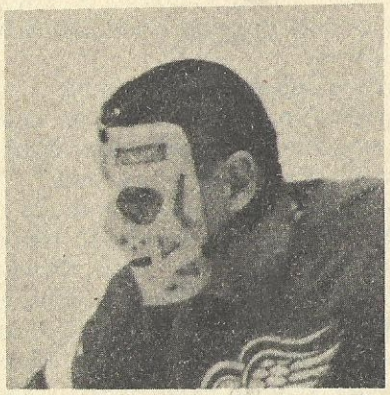
"My knee is still giving me trouble . . . it probably won't be right for a long while," he said. "Suddenly I've come to realize how much longer it takes for me to get over an injury now. It's time to quit."

He had reached an agreement with the Bruins' management that whenever he decided to retire as a player he would become the club's coach, thereby permitting Lynn Patrick to concentrate solely on his general manager's duties. That move took place on December 22, 1954. Schmidt hung up uniform No. 15 (it has never been worn by another Bruin player) and became a bench boss.

His playing career had spanned almost nineteen years and he had totaled 229 goals. He was a supreme team player—a fact Lynn Patrick alluded to when he said, "Milt will never be as successful a coach as I was. Why? Well, he'll never be able to look down the bench when the team's in trouble and say as I could, 'Milt, get out there.' "

Patrick proved to be quite a prophet. Schmidt wasn't particularly successful in two separate terms as coach of the Bruins. Then Milt became the Bruins' general manager and engineered the famous deal with the Black Hawks that brought Phil Esposito to Boston in 1967. With Esposito and Bobby Orr as the sparkplugs, the Bruins won their first Stanley Cup in twenty-nine years in 1970 and repeated in 1972.

In 1973, Schmidt was eased out of the Bruins' front office after thirty-seven years with the organization. He wasn't out of work long. Washington, D.C., was granted a franchise in the NHL that year and Milt Schmidt was hired as the expansion club's general manager.



He was not an easy person to interview. He was guarded in his comments after games, and this did not establish him as a popular figure with newsmen. He would listen placidly to a question, then look the reporter in the eye and snarl, "Get lost."

TERRY SAWCHUK: HARD-LUCK GUY

Terry Sawchuk's middle name was Gordon. It should have been Hard Luck.

In the forty-plus years he spent on this earth he earned a reputation as one of hockey's finest goaltenders. In fact, there are those who watched him early in his career who maintain he was the greatest goalie who ever lived.

He established two records for goaltenders that may never be broken, especially since the advent of the platoon system. They are most games played (971) and most shutouts (103).

He played on five consecutive National Hockey League championship teams at Detroit and had his name engraved on the Stanley Cup four times. He won the Vezina Trophy as the NHL's top goalie three times and shared it once; he was a member of seven All-Star teams.

Yet for each of Terry Sawchuk's achievements there were sad reversals—sickness, injury, misfortune. His life was a ceaseless procession of personal setbacks, capped by ultimate tragedy.

Those who had the privilege of watching Sawchuk play goal in his prime couldn't help wondering who did the choreography; he was poetry in motion. He tended goal in the stand-up fashion admired by the purists. He rarely left his feet, seldom sprawled.

Even after he adopted a mask, he was easy to identify because of his crouching style. He would ward off attacks like the old heavyweight boxer, Jersey Joe Walcott, his body bent at the waist, his quick hands at the ready. The puck would be hurtling toward the net . . . up with the arm . . . out with the stick . . . a padded leg would kick . . . and the shot was blocked.

The "Sawchuk Crouch" has become a widely adopted technique for young goaltenders. Terry once explained why he developed and perfected his unorthodox, gorillalike style. "When I'm crouching low, I can keep better track of the puck through the players' legs on screen shots. Also, the crouch seems to give me better balance and spring action when I have to move fast. I've noticed that when I have several bad games in a row and seem to be in a slump, it's because I've unconsciously straightened up. When I go back to the crouch, I improve."

Sawchuk is remembered for other reasons. He was not an easy person to interview. He was guarded in his comments after games, and this did not establish him as a popular figure with newsmen. He would listen placidly to a question, then look the reporter in the eye and snarl, "Get lost."

Members of the media were inclined to forgive him, assuming that his truculence was the result of another setback, real or imagined, that left him morose and suspicious..

After a particularly good game, Sawchuk could be engaging and cordial. "Did I play well?" he would ask. "Jeez, I hope so. I really gave it all I had."

Terrance Gordon Sawchuk was born in Winnipeg three days before the world celebrated the arrival of 1930. He was of Ukrainian descent. His father, Louis, had come to Canada from Austria; his mother, Anne, was a native of Winnipeg.

He acquired his first pair of skates at the age of three and soon was navigating around on one of the Manitoba capital's many frozen rinks.

It was a family tragedy that put Sawchuk on the road toward becoming one of hockey's finest goaltenders. He had a brother, Mitchell, who died of a heart ailment at the age of seventeen. Terry, then ten years old, inherited his brother's goalie equipment. He started playing in organized leagues in Winnipeg when he was twelve. Three years later he was spotted by Bob Kinnear, a Detroit scout, who signed him for the Red Wings.

Sawchuk left home for the first time in 1946 when the Red Wings assigned him to Gault of the Ontario Hockey Association. The following year he was back in the OHA, this time with the Windsor Spitfires. He played only five games with the Spitfires before the Red Wings turned him pro and assigned him to Omaha of the old United States Hockey League.

It was while playing goal for Omaha in a game at Houston that Sawchuk suffered his first serious injury. He was struck in the right eye by a stick and taken to a hospital where doctors found the eyeball had been cut. He was told he might lose the sight of the eye.

"I bawled like a baby that night," Sawchuk said. "Here I was just starting out in hockey—the accident happened on my eighteenth birthday—and I figured my career was finished.

"Now here's where luck came in. One of the leading eye doctors in the world just happened to be in the hospital at the time. He took charge and pulled me through. Otherwise, I might have lost the eye."

Two weeks later, Sawchuk was back in the Omaha net. He finished his first pro season as the league's top goalie and won the Rookie-of-the-Year award. The Red Wings rewarded him with a promotion to Indianapolis of the American League at the start of the 1948–49 season. Again he won Rookie-of-the Year honors.

The Red Wings' goalie then was Harry Lumley, who had joined the club at the age of eighteen in 1944 and became an immediate sensation. He had sparked the Wings to a first-place finish in the spring of 1949 and was just approaching his prime. There appeared

little chance of Sawchuk taking Lumley's job.

However, midway through the 1949–50 season Lumley suffered a sprained ankle while playing in an exhibition game. Sawchuk was called up from Indianapolis and made his NHL debut in a game against the Boston Bruins on January 8, 1950.

It turned out to be one of the weirdest games ever played at Detroit's Olympia. Clare Martin, a Wings' defenseman, was the innocent victim of two atrocious miscues. While attempting to intercept Boston passes near the goal mouth, he twice deflected the puck into the Detroit net while Sawchuk looked on, dumbfounded. Another Boston shot trickled off a Detroit player's skate and eluded Sawchuk.

What a debut for Sawchuk. The Red Wings lost, 4–3, and their newest member must have wondered if he really was playing in the major leagues.

Sawchuk played in six other Detroit games that season, allowed only twelve goals, and finished with a respectable 2.28 average. He also used one of those games to score the first of his 103 regular-season shutouts, blanking the New York Rangers, 1–0.

During the summer of 1950, the Red Wings' top brass—general manager Jack Adams and coach Tommy Ivan—were confronted with a genuine problem. They had the most promising young goaltender in the league in Sawchuk. And they had just won the Stanley Cup championship with Lumley, who at twenty-four had many good seasons ahead of him. What to do?

Finally, Adams and Ivan decided to gamble. They traded Lumley to the Black Hawks and placed their hopes on twenty-year-old Terry Sawchuk.

It turned out to be no gamble at all. The Red Wings finished first in the NHL in each of the next five seasons and won three Stanley Cup championships. During that remarkable five-year period, Sawchuk's goals-allowed average never rose higher than 1.98. He led the league in shutouts three times and won the Vezina Trophy three times. He was named to the first All-

Star team three times and to the second team in his other two seasons.

When Sawchuk was awarded the Calder Trophy in the spring of 1951, he became the only player to win rookie awards in three professional leagues. That was the first of many records he established down through the years.

His next achievement came the following spring when the Wings swept to the Stanley Cup championship in eight games. Sawchuk played in all eight games and allowed only five goals for a remarkable 0.62 average. Four of his victories were shutouts.

The amazing part about Sawchuk's quick rise to the top of his profession was that he made it with a crippled right arm, the result of a childhood accident.

"I dislocated and fractured my right elbow while playing football when I was twelve years old," he revealed. "I wasn't supposed to be playing football, so I kept it a secret from my family and didn't have it treated properly.

"I guess I would have been better off if I had told them and suffered the consequences. But I wasn't exactly looking forward to a thrashing, although it would have been a lot less painful than what followed."

What followed was surgery. He underwent operations in the summers of 1950 and 1951 for removal of pieces of bone that had chipped off in the elbow.

"Neither of those operations cleared up the condition and I still had some pain and couldn't fully extend my arm," he said. "Then, during the summer of 1952, I had another operation. The surgeon removed sixty pieces of bone, taking everything he thought might break off and cause trouble later on. For the first time in ten years I had almost complete movement of my right arm."

That should have been the end of Sawchuk's hospital experiences, but it was only the beginning.

During the 1952–53 season, his weight slipped to 168 pounds, an alarming drop from the 205 he packed on his five-foot, eleven-inch frame during his rookie

Terry Sawchuk is credited with more shutouts than any goalie in NHL history.

UPI

year with Detroit. Following the 1953 playoffs, he underwent numerous tests at a Detroit hospital. "All they found was that I had a low blood count," he said.

Two weeks later he was back in the hospital for an appendectomy. During an interview that year he was asked, "What do you do during the off-season?" Sawchuk winced. "I spend my summers in the hospital."

In 1954, Sawchuk suffered severe chest injuries in an auto accident. Doctors found that the pleural space outside his right lung was punctured, permitting air to enter and collapse the lung. They tapped the air of the pleural space with a tube.

Despite these misfortunes, he won his third Vezina Trophy in 1955 after again sparking the Red Wings to the Stanley Cup championship. Terry Sawchuk owned Detroit. But by this time, Jack Adams had another rookie goalie standing in the wings—Glenn Hall.

Adams shocked the hockey world for the second time in five years by including Sawchuk in a nine-player trade with the Bruins. Midway through his second season in Boston, Terry was hospitalized with infectious mononucleosis. He spent twelve days in the hospital, then returned to the ice.

The ordeal of attempting to tend goal while a strength-sapping disease still raged through his body proved too much for Sawchuk. He played eight games, four of them losses. His weight fell to 166 pounds. The forty pounds of padding and equipment he wore on the ice almost collapsed him.

Finally, just fifteen days after he had been chosen for the NHL All-Star team, he advised the Bruins he was retiring at twenty-seven. "I told them I thought it best to quit since my nerves were really shot." His surprise decision also had been prompted by stories in Boston newspapers labeling him a "quitter."

The retirement lasted only until the start of the 1957–58 season. Adams announced he had obtained the rights to Sawchuk from Boston "because he's too good a goalie to remain out of hockey." Sawchuk

promptly signed with his old club, replacing Hall, who was traded to the Black Hawks.

Sawchuk's second term with the Red Wings lasted seven years, but he didn't get to play on another Stanley Cup championship team until 1967. He was then with Toronto, having been claimed by the Maple Leafs after the Red Wings left him unprotected in the draft.

In the 1967 playoffs, Sawchuk was responsible for six of the eight victories the Leafs needed to eliminate Chicago and Montreal. During the fifth game of the semifinals in Chicago, he came off the bench to replace Johnny Bower in the second period with the series and the game tied at 2–2. Terry was knocked down when Bobby Hull drove a slapshot off his shoulder, got up, and beat the Black Hawks by repelling thirty-seven shots in the final forty minutes.

Following the game, Sawchuk said, "I'd like to leave hockey like that. In style."

That's when the Sawchuk saga should have ended. He was then thirty-seven years old. But he didn't leave, of course. He went to Los Angeles in the 1967 expansion draft, then back to Detroit, then to the New York Rangers—a back-up goaltender hanging on to a big-league job.

His swan song was delivered with the Rangers during the 1970 playoffs against the Bruins. He was a surprise starter in the second game at Boston on April 9 and was beaten, 5–3. Three weeks later, he became involved in a barroom brawl with Ron Stewart, his Ranger roommate, and wound up in a hospital.

Sawchuk underwent three operations for intestinal injuries. He died of a pulmonary embolism in New York Hospital in Manhattan on May 31, 1970.

It was a sad finish to a great career. His wife, Pat, had divorced him months earlier so she was not at his bedside. Neither were any of his seven children.

Terry Sawchuk was alone in death as he had been during most of his life.

"Saw a youngster named Lindsay. His team lost, 5–3, but he started and won three fights and scored all three of his team's goals. Suggest we sign him at once."

TED LINDSAY: SCARFACE

Ted Lindsay was rowdy and raucous, rebellious and rambunctious during the nineteen seasons he spent in the National Hockey League. He was one of two hockey players considered capable of committing homicide on the ice. The other was Maurice (Rocket) Richard.

Lindsay never killed a man and neither did Richard. But these rapscallions paid enough fines for the mayhem they created to cover the rent on league headquarters in Montreal.

Who was the meanest of the two? The statistics tend to favor Lindsay. He totaled 1,808 minutes in penalties for the 1,068 games he played for the Detroit Red Wings and Chicago Black Hawks. If you add the 194 minutes he picked up in playoff games, the total reaches 2,002. During Richard's eighteen seasons with Montreal, he logged 1,285 minutes in the penalty box, proving he got away with more or was tougher to catch in a criminal act than Lindsay.

However, Ted Lindsay didn't get into hockey's Hall of Fame because he set a career record for penalties. He was an excellent hockey player—the best left wing of his generation. He scored 379 goals and was an All-Star first-team selection eight times.

He also accumulated 760 stitches on his slender (five-foot, eight-inch, 165-pound) body. That didn't

constitute a record, but since many of the stitches were embroidered on his face, they earned him the nickname "Scarface." That didn't annoy him. "Even before I got the scars, I was ugly," he said.

Lindsay had other nicknames—none of them too flattering. He was "Terrible Ted," and "Tempestuous Ted," and there were some rivals who called him "Wacky," but never to his face.

The man who was christened Robert Blake Theodore Lindsay never did mind what people called him. The only thing he resented was being picked on because of his size—or rather his lack of size.

"I'm a little guy and I soon found out what that meant in this league," he once said. "Everyone wants to find out if you can take it. If you can't, they run you out in a hurry. A little guy has got to have a lot of confidence in himself, and I was ready to prove it.

"Okay, so I was cocky. I had the idea that I had to beat up everyone in the league, and I'm still not convinced it wasn't a good idea. Probably I'd do it the same way if I did it over again. That's the way I am.

"I had my ears pinned back plenty of times. In my first year, Butch Bouchard [of Montreal] put me in the hospital for three days with a concussion. But I never backed away from Butch—or anyone else—after I came back."

Lindsay could dish it out, all right, but his "eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth" philosophy left him with aching bones after most games.

"I was slashed, elbowed, speared, board-checked, butt-ended, and hit on the head as much as anybody," he said. "I just liked to keep the ledger balanced. I didn't let anyone get away with chopping me up and I didn't want any player to think he could intimidate me."

Marty Pavelich, who was a teammate of Lindsay's on the Red Wings, often marveled at Ted's ability to match bodychecks with much bigger men. "Ted took a lot of riding from a lot of people," Pavelich said. "It made him play better. When I first came into the NHL,

I remember Ted checking Rocket Richard. Ted never backed down. And he didn't even complain when the Rocket knocked him cold with a sucker punch in the 1951 Stanley Cup playoffs.

"Ted was facing the other way when Richard got him. He just laughed it off and told me, 'Marty, that's the fortunes of war.' But don't think Richard didn't get his lumps in return. Not in that game, but much later."

Gus Mortson and Bill Ezinicki were two other favorite sparring partners for Lindsay. Mortson and Lindsay were boyhood chums in Kirkland Lake, Ontario, and they used to spend the off-season together prospecting for gold. But once Mortson put on a Toronto Maple Leaf uniform he was the enemy to Lindsay and had to be dealt with . . . violently.

Ezinicki was a member of the Boston Bruins when he and Lindsay had a memorable encounter in a game at Detroit in 1951. Lindsay was the winner by a knockout. Ezinicki lost a tooth in the fight and required nineteen stitches to close his wounds; Lindsay sustained a gashed forehead and a bruised right hand. Both were suspended for the next three Boston-Detroit games and fined $200 each.

In 1955, Lindsay was suspended for ten days for striking a spectator with his stick during a game in Toronto. This was another historic incident, for it solidified Clarence Campbell's job as NHL president. When the Red Wings appealed the suspension to the league's board of governors, Campbell was ready to resign if his action was not upheld. The governors turned down the appeal.

Said Campbell, "I'm not a job-seeker. The job sought me. It's gratifying that I received 100 per cent vindication."

Campbell, it would appear, was the only man Lindsay couldn't handle. They went to the mat again in 1965 while Ted was in the midst of an amazing comeback with the Red Wings. The loser, on a TKO, was Lindsay.

During a game against the Maple Leafs at Toronto, Lindsay drew a misconduct penalty (automatic $25 fine) and a game-misconduct (automatic $50 fine) for sassing a referee. At first, Lindsay refused to pay the fines. "I'm not going to hold still for Campbell's kangaroo court," he said. "And if he wants to make something of it, I'll take him to a real court and I'll have my own lawyer."

Campbell responded by suspending Lindsay, pending payment of the fines. Lindsay knew when he was beaten. He later agreed to pay and signed a statement of apology, plus a promise of future good behavior. However, Terrible Ted was far from contrite. "I signed under protest," he snarled.

Ted Lindsay concedes he was born mean. His birthplace was Renfrew, Ontario. His birthdate: July 29, 1925. He was the youngest of six brothers. He had three sisters. His father, L. Bert Lindsay, who died in 1960 at age seventy-nine, was a star goalie for the Renfrew Millionaires in the early 1900s.

Bert Lindsay, oddly, didn't urge his youngest son to skate or play hockey. It wasn't until after the family moved to Kirkland Lake when Ted was eight years old that he became interested in skating.

"My father was managing a local rink," Ted recalled. "He wouldn't even let me go there until I was ten. I was so small he was afraid I'd get hurt. Once he saw I was interested in hockey, though, he bought me the best equipment available."

Lindsay got his first taste of organized hockey with a parish team in Kirkland Lake. He started out as a goaltender, attempting to emulate his father. "But I soon discovered I'd rather shoot than be shot at, so I gave up goaltending," Ted said.

He was a 135-pound left wing playing junior hockey in Toronto when he was spotted by Carson Cooper, a keen-eyed Detroit scout. Lindsay's character and spirit was summed up well in Cooper's first report back to the front office: "Saw a youngster named Lindsay. His team lost, 5–3, but he started and won three fights and

scored all three of his team's goals. Suggest we sign him at once."

Jack Adams, then the Red Wings' general manager, wasted no time following Cooper's suggestion. Lindsay was invited to Detroit's training camp in 1944. He was then nineteen years old. There were sixty-three rookies in the Wings' camp; Ted and Steve Wochy were the only ones who made the club. Wochy faded out of the NHL the following year.

Lindsay, in recalling his NHL debut, said, "I came into the league during wartime when the player strength was down. There weren't too many good players around or a raw rookie wouldn't have gotten by. I was lucky."

He was more than lucky. He was good. He appeared in forty-five games for the Red Wings in that first season and tallied seventeen goals and six assists. His production dropped to seven goals and ten assists the next season. This disturbed Lindsay. "I did pretty well the first year, but the second year I should have been back in the minors," he said. "I'm glad Adams had faith in me."

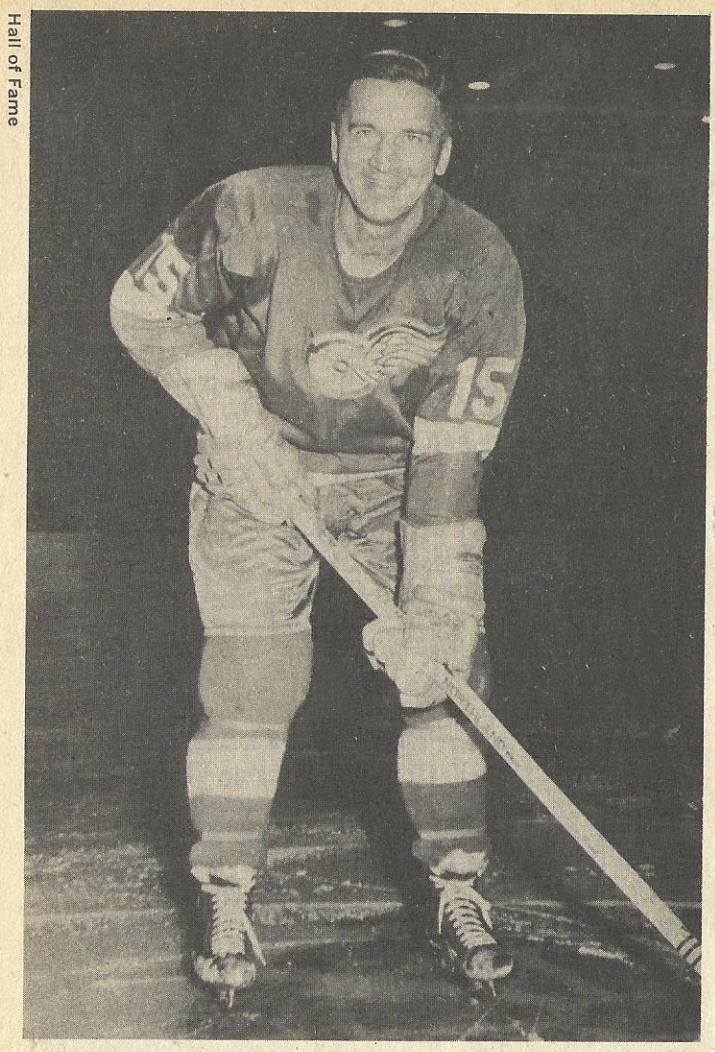
"Ted made you have faith in him," said Adams.

Two years after Lindsay showed up in Detroit, a big, raw-boned farm boy from Saskatchewan joined the club. He was Gordie Howe. It was soon thereafter that Sid Abel, a veteran center, was placed on a line with Lindsay and Howe. That was the birth of Detroit's famed "Production Line." And how they produced!

Lindsay reached a career high of thirty-three goals during the 1947–48 season. The following season, the Red Wings won their first of seven straight NHL championships. During that same span, they sipped champagne from the Stanley Cup four times. The cry, "Break up the Red Wings," was heard throughout the NHL.

Detroit finished first again at the end of the 1956–57 season. That's when Adams broke up the Red Wings—and broke Ted Lindsay's heart. Though Ted had enjoyed his greatest season (eighty-five points on thirty goals and fifty-five assists), Adams traded him to the

Hall of Fame



"Terrible Ted" Lindsay spent over two-thousand minutes in the penalty box.

Black Hawks. It was a six-player deal. Goaltender Glenn Hall also moved to Detroit, while the Red Wings picked up Hank Bassen, Forbes Kennedy, Johnny Wilson, Bill Preston, and an unspecified amount of cash.

Adams, who had completed other trades that left Detroit fans yelling in anguish, offered a terse explanation for this deal: "I'm doing what I think is best for the team. We got younger legs in return for Lindsay and Hall." This was the same Adams who once called Lindsay "an artist . . . the best left-winger I ever saw."

Lindsay was thirty-two at the time of the trade. He denied he was slowing down, and he howled: "I was forced out of Detroit by the personal resentment of Jack Adams."

What Adams resented most, according to Lindsay, was the fact that Ted was the cofounder and first president of the NHL Players Association. "That upset Adams," Lindsay said. "But baseball players and football players have associations—why not hockey? Players need an association. In numbers there is strength."

In moving to Chicago, Lindsay was reunited with Tommy Ivan, who had been his coach for ten of his thirteen seasons with the Red Wings. But the Black Hawks at that time were a dreadful club; they had finished last in each of the previous four years.

Lindsay scored fifteen goals during his first season in Chicago, twenty-two the following year, and only seven in 1959–60. Then he retired at age thirty-four. "I guess my heart wasn't in it at Chicago," he says now. "They treated me very well, but my home and business was in Detroit. I'm a Detroit guy."

For the next four years, Lindsay devoted most of his time to his thriving automotive plastics firm in Detroit. He remained in excellent physical condition by playing golf, skiing, and engaging in occasional workouts with the Red Wings.

In July of 1964, Sid Abel, who had succeeded Adams as the Wings' general manager, was sitting in his office at the Olympia when Lindsay strolled in.

The club was planning to televise some of its road games and Lindsay wanted to apply for the job of "color" commentator.

"Never mind TV," Abel said to his old linemate. "Do you think if you really got in shape you could play again?"

Lindsay laughed. "Are you nuts?" he said. "I haven't played in four years."

"How old are you now?"

"I'll be thirty-nine next week."

"That's not too old," Abel said. "You never abused your body. Your weight is still the same. I really think you could do it. We could use another left-winger. You could try it in training camp and see how it goes. Think about it."

That evening Lindsay discussed it with his wife, Pat. Her reaction: "You're not serious?" He was. In September he reported to the Red Wings' training camp at the Olympia. Had the club trained in Canada, as most do, Lindsay could not have left his business. As it was, his work schedule complicated the situation. He was up at 6:00 A.M. to drive forty miles from his home in Birmingham, Michigan, to be on the ice at eight. He had requested the early shift in order to have time to do a full day's work at his plant.

"Those first few days I was so beat I was in bed by nine every night," he said. "My legs held up but my upper body was like spaghetti."

Lindsay survived the ordeal and was in the Red Wings' lineup when they opened the 1964–65 season against the Toronto Maple Leafs. A record opening night crowd of 14,553 Olympia fans gave Ted a standing ovation when he took the ice. It was his one thousandth NHL game.

What a coincidence that the opposing team was Toronto. Lindsay had never liked Toronto or the Maple Leafs. He had once received a death threat before a playoff game against Toronto. "Against any other club I want to be paid, but I'd do it for free when the other team is Toronto," he said.

Early in the game, Tim Horton of the Leafs slammed Lindsay into the white wooden boards surrounding the rink. Ted instinctively retaliated with an elbow to Horton's face. "There wasn't much power behind it," Ted said. "When I got hit I could feel the strength ooze out of me. But I still had all my arms and legs, and that was a victory right there."

Other victories followed. The previous season, the Red Wings had finished fourth. With Lindsay reunited on a line with Howe, the Wings got off to a fast start and never looked back, finishing in first place, four points ahead of the Montreal Canadiens. Lindsay appeared in all but one of Detroit's seventy games, scoring fourteen goals and drawing fourteen assists.

Clarence Campbell, an old Lindsay foe, hailed the comeback as "one of the most amazing feats in professional sport." That was quite an about-face for the NHL president. When it had been announced that Lindsay was rejoining the Red Wings, Campbell called it "a black day for the National Hockey League."

"At that time, I didn't think it could be done without showing that the caliber of play in the NHL had deteriorated," Campbell said. "I, like many others, thought the game would suffer if a man of nearly forty years of age could come back after being out for so long. . . . Lindsay has done what I thought was next to impossible. . . . He has to be rated as an amazing athlete."

Lindsay settled for that single comeback season and retired for good. But he has remained close to the hockey scene as a television commentator.

Asked why he had played that final season with Detroit at age thirty-nine, he said, "I thought it would be nice to finish my career as a Red Wing."

That was the tipoff on Ol' Scarface. He was rowdy and raucous, rebellious and rambunctious. But he has always had one other characteristic common to most men. He is a sentimentalist.

It has been said that Clancy never won a fight and never lost a friend. There is no way to estimate the number of his friends, but they far exceed his thousand or more fights.

KING CLANCY: THE SHAMROCK DEFENDER

Francis Michael Clancy has been called many names during more than half a century in pro hockey as a player, coach, referee, and front-office troubleshooter. Very few are flattering. One particularly vitriolic fan in Boston once suggested that a nearby town had been named in Clancy's honor.

"Oh, yeah?" Clancy said, rising to the bait. "What town?"

"It's Marblehead, you bum," the fan replied.

But his multitude of friends, and even his enemies, have always called this Irish bantam rooster "King." It's a nickname he inherited early in his career while playing for the old Ottawa Senators. Its origin is buried in the sands of time, though it's conceivable that Clancy's fighting spirit reminded people of the legendary kings of Irish folklore.

King Clancy. Now there's a name to rank with Brian Boru and Finn McCool and all the other Celtic warriors who, according to legend, "were so strong they could grab themselves by the seat of the pants and hold themselves at arm's length."

Clancy never mastered that trick, but he did exhibit sufficient prowess to rank among hockey's greatest defensemen during the infant days of the National Hockey League. Though he scaled only 127 pounds when he broke into the NHL with Ottawa in 1921 and

never weighed more than 145, Clancy was both indefatigable and indestructible. He missed only two games in his first fourteen seasons in the NHL.

Eddie Shore is generally recognized as the game's first great rushing defenseman; he totaled 105 goals in fourteen NHL seasons. But Clancy knew how to carry the puck, too. And how to put it in the net. He scored 137 goals during fifteen and a half slam-bang years in the NHL—the first nine with Ottawa and six and a half with Toronto.

Not even Shore could match Clancy's versatility. In one game during Clancy's second season with Ottawa he played every position—including goaltender! It was during the Stanley Cup playoffs in the spring of 1923 that Clancy was rushed into action as a substitute goalie. Ottawa had eliminated Montreal and Vancouver to reach the final against Edmonton.

In those days, most teams carried only eight players. Ottawa was no different. The Senators had six starters, plus two "general utility" players. Clancy spent most of the playoffs alternating between defense and forward. Then came the final game against Edmonton.

The Senators were only minutes away from winning the Stanley Cup when Clint Benedict, their goaltender, was penalized for cutting down Bullet Joe Simpson. Under the rules of hockey in effect at that time, goalies were forced to serve their own penalties.

"As Benedict was skating to the penalty box," Clancy recalled, "he tossed me his big goalie stick and said, 'Take care of the place until I get back.' I was scared as hell, but I had no choice, so I went into the net.

"I didn't let in any shots, mainly because our guys didn't let a single dangerous one come my way. Then the game was over and we were the champs. I went back to Ottawa feeling like a millionaire. My pay for the regular season had been $750 and my share of the playoff money came to $790."

By this time in his career, King Clancy had used his considerable skills to dispute the old adage that "a

man is never a hero in his own hometown." He was born in Ottawa on February 25, 1903, and now ranked as one of the Dominion capital's outstanding citizens.

He sparked the Senators to another Stanley Cup championship in 1927. Three years later, Conn Smythe, the boss of the Maple Leafs, purchased Clancy from Ottawa for the then unheard-of price of $35,000, plus two players.

Part of the loot Smythe used to buy Clancy came from a race track. Smythe owned an obscure filly named Rare Jewel and entered her in the Coronation Stakes at Toronto's Woodbine track.

Rare Jewel's owner must have been the only person at the track who gave the filly a chance. She romped home first and paid $219 to win. Smythe won $10,000 in bets and another $4,000 as the winning owner. He used the money as a down-payment on the Clancy sale.

Clancy turned out to be a "rare jewel" for Smythe and the Maple Leafs. The Toronto team, floundering at that time, was inspired by Clancy's mere presence in the lineup. The Leafs launched the 1930–31 season by posting five straight shutout victories—three by Lorne Chabot and two by Benny Grant. It appeared they wouldn't lose a single game all season. They did, of course, but still managed to wind up second—the highest finish in the club's brief history. The following season, the Leafs won their first Stanley Cup.

There was little doubt that King Clancy was primarily responsible for the Leafs' rise to the top of the hockey world. "Clancy lifted the mortgage," wrote Milt Dunnell in the Toronto *Star*. "Getting King was one of the smartest moves Smythe ever made."

The Maple Leafs were a swashbuckling crew. Their leaders were Clancy and Charlie Conacher—two mirthful, mischievous men who were rambunctious on and off the ice. Clancy, who stood only five feet, eight inches, in his skates, started many a fight and then permitted the six-foot one-inch Conacher to finish them.

It has been said that Clancy never won a fight and never lost a friend. There is no way to estimate the number of his friends, but they far exceed the estimated one thousand or more fights he engaged in during his career.

When Clancy learned early in life that he couldn't outpunch his rivals, he decided to outtalk them or otherwise distract them with his Irish blarney.

Frank Selke, a fervent admirer of "The Mick," as he called him, still fondles the memory of a Clancy incident during a game in Boston. Eddie Shore, at the peak of his greatness then, was skating along the boards when Clancy nailed him with a solid check. Shore whirled on Clancy, a big fist raised and extended as though he were about to deliver a haymaker.

It was then that Clancy exhibited a bit of quick-thinking humor at the right moment. "Why hello, Eddie," he yipped, quickly seizing Shore's hand and pumping it up and down like a man shaking hands with a long-lost friend. "And how are you tonight?"

Before the flabbergasted Shore realized what was happening, he squeezed Clancy's hand and murmured, "I'm pretty good, King, and how are you?"

End of dispute.

Shore figured in another famous Clancy ruse during the climactic game of a playoff series between the Bruins and the Leafs. The Leafs appeared to be beaten hopelessly until referee Odie Cleghorn handed Shore a minor penalty.

Shore wasn't happy about the infraction, but was heading peacefully toward the penalty box when Clancy skated up to him and said, "Hey Eddie, that was a cheap penalty. Don't let the bum get away with a thing like that."

Such charming solicitude from an opponent added to Shore's indignation. He sighted a loose puck on the ice and shot it at Cleghorn. It earned Shore a misconduct penalty. While the Boston ace sat in the penalty box, chewing his hockey stick to chips, the Leafs went on to win the game and the series.

On another occasion, Clancy was trading punches, rather ineffectually, with Nels Stewart of the Montreal Maroons. Stewart threw a vicious punch at Clancy, missed, and his ungloved fist struck the sideboards. Stewart howled in pain.

"What's the matter, Nels?" Clancy asked.

"I've dislocated my thumb," said Stewart, extending the injured member.

Clancy took a profound look at the dislocated thumb, yanked it back into place, and immediately clobbered the aggrieved Stewart on the jaw. Clancy escaped death only because he outskated and outran Stewart to the safety of the Toronto dressing room.

Only once did Clancy actually stage a fight for the benefit of the customers. It happened during an exhibition game between Toronto and Detroit in 1934. Here is how Clancy described it: "It was a dull game and when Ebbie Goodfellow of the Wings and I wound up in a corner I suggested we start a fake fight to liven things up. Ebbie agreed. I gave him a slight elbow in the puss. He retaliated by tapping me on the noggin with his stick. When we looked around, all the other players were squared off and throwing punches.

"But the worst part was that Ebbie got caught up in the excitement. He forgot it was supposed to be just in fun and caught me with a wicked uppercut to the jaw."

Clancy was down again.

Some of Clancy's special memories are of a night in 1934 when he was honored by the Toronto management and his many fans. The organizers of the "King Clancy Night" festivities picked an appropriate date—St. Patrick's Day. Everything that night had a greenish tinge to it. A huge green shamrock was painted on the ice surface at Maple Leaf Gardens with King's name printed in bold letters.

Clancy was presented with an array of silver at center ice while the band played "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." Adding to the colorful nature of the occasion, Clancy played the first period of that night's game against the New York Rangers dressed from head to

foot in green. And though King failed to figure in the scoring, the Leafs won the game, 3–2.

That was one of the high points of Clancy's playing career. The low point was reached on a November night in 1936—the night he played his last game in the NHL. He was then thirty-five years old. The tremendous energy that he had projected into every moment of his pro career was beginning to take its toll. After most games he would sit in the dressing room, his face drawn and haggard, his eyes dull, his body an aching, weary machine.

The Leafs' management had been hinting that he should retire. But no man resented more the encroachment of time than Clancy; no man was less willing to admit he was through.

Following a game against the Red Wings on November 23, 1936, Clancy was summoned into Conn Smythe's train compartment on a trip from Detroit to New York. It isn't easy to tell a man he's through, especially a man like Clancy. But that was Smythe's message that night. The King, hurt and defiant at first, reluctantly gave in. He came out of the conference with tears streaming down his cheeks.

The following year, Clancy tried his hand at coaching the Montreal Maroons, who were in a state of disintegration. He did his best to get the most out of the athletes under his command, but after a few months of unsuccessful effort he quit and went back home to Ottawa. But it was just to change suits. He had decided to become a referee. He spent a year as an official in the American League, then graduated to the NHL refereeing staff in 1939.

It was paradoxical that Clancy, a notorious referee-baiter during his playing days, now found himself tooting a whistle. He developed into the NHL's referee-in-chief—fearless and impartial, but not too strict. He handled the game a hockey player's way.

"I took a lot more from the players than I should have, I guess," Clancy admitted. "But I'd been through the mill myself and I knew when you're giving every-

Hall of Fame

After a distinguished career with the Toronto Maple Leafs, King Clancy became an NHL referee.

thing you've got to win, you're liable to say a lot of things you don't mean. Tension does that to you. So I let 'em get away with a lot. But there were certain things that they could only call me once. After that, I got tough."

Clancy was subjected to a good deal of ribbing from players and fans during his career as a referee. He was working a playoff game in Toronto between his old team and the Detroit Red Wings when he got involved in a memorable exchange with big Babe Pratt, then a defenseman for the Leafs.

Toronto was clinging to a 1–0 lead in the final period when Clancy called a minor penalty on a Maple Leaf player. This incensed Pratt, who bided his time until play resumed and then "accidentally" checked Clancy into the boards in the Toronto zone.

Clancy picked himself off the ice, glared at the huge Pratt, and snapped, "Why you big lug, I'd like to be playing against you tonight."

"Well," cooed Pratt, "aren't you?"

Clancy's classic referee story, though, concerns a night in the old Madison Square Garden in New York. It was during World War II. A pre-game patriotic ceremony was staged involving several military groups, including a squad of riflemen. The players, Clancy, and the linesmen stood at attention while "The Star Spangled Banner" was played.

As the last strains of the national anthem faded away, the Garden lights were dimmed. A hush fell over the crowd, then the riflemen raised their weapons to shoulder height. It was a very solemn moment and quite impressive . . . until a leather-lunged fan high in the Garden balcony hollered: "When you get through with that—SHOOT CLANCY!"

Nobody ever shot King Clancy and he eventually learned to ignore the barbs. "I figured that a guy paying his way into the rink had a right to boo me. I got the raspberry all around the league, but I didn't mind. It just rolled off my thick Irish skin."

After eleven years as a whistle tooter, Clancy quit

in 1949 and returned to coaching—in the American League. He coached Cincinnati in 1950–51, then moved on to Pittsburgh, a Toronto farm club. When Joe Primeau retired as the Maple Leafs' coach in 1953, Clancy was offered the job. He accepted with alacrity.

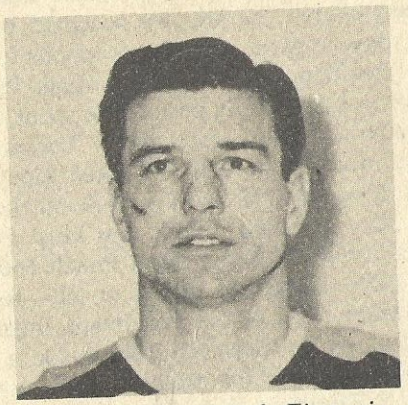
There were no great coaching triumphs for Clancy in his three-year tenure from 1953 through 1956, for the Leafs were in a rebuilding period. He spent the next two years as a sort of court jester in the Toronto organization. Once when Conn Smythe asked him to describe his duties, King said, "I don't do a damn thing, Conn." Smythe smiled and said, "Well, just keep doing it."

It wasn't until the Leafs lured Punch Imlach to Toronto in 1958 that things began to jell—for the team and for Clancy. One of the first things Imlach did was appoint King as his assistant. They made a great pair. Imlach called Clancy "the greatest guy I've ever known in hockey." Together they directed Toronto to four Stanley Cup championships, including three in a row (1962–64).

Imlach eventually moved on to Buffalo, where he did another remarkable job fashioning the Sabres from a weak expansion club into a playoff team in three short years. It was thought at first that Clancy would follow Imlach to Buffalo, but he remained with the Leafs as a vice president.

In 1972, at the age of sixty-nine, Clancy became the oldest coach of a Stanley Cup playoff team. He took over for ailing John McLellan in February. With Clancy exhorting them from behind the bench, the Leafs lost only four of their last sixteen games to vault into the playoffs. They were eliminated in the opening round by the eventual champions, the Boston Bruins.

What followed was unprecedented in the history of the Toronto club. Clancy was named winner of the J. P. Bickell Memorial Trophy as the Most Valuable Leaf. He then returned to his desk job with a new five-year contract that runs through 1977. By that time he might be ready to retire from hockey. But don't bet on it.



The tension mounted. Five minutes went by. Ten minutes. At the twelve-minute mark, expectation began to rise audibly in 13,000 throats. At 12:08, it burst forth in a roar that rocked the Garden. Brimsek had erased Tiny Thompson's scoreless record in only his fifth game as a Bruin regular.

FRANK BRIMSEK: THE HUMAN ICICLE

Every time an American-born player makes a name for himself in pro hockey, somebody is bound to hark back to the days of Frankie Brimsek. And with good reason.

Brimsek, who was born and raised in Eveleth, Minnesota, was the first United States player of professional experience elected to the Hall of Fame. He earned his rightful spot among the game's immortals on the strength of his standout goaltending for the Boston Bruins prior to and immediately after World War II.

He also earned several nicknames. Because of his amazing coolness under fire, he was called "Frigid Frankie" and "The Human Icicle." But the most popular one—and the most apt—was simply "Mr. Zero." Other goaltenders like Terry Sawchuk, Jacques Plante, Tony Esposito, and Glenn Hall specialized in shutouts in later years. But Frankie Brimsek was the original "Mr. Zero."

During Brimsek's first five years with the Bruins, beginning in 1938, the team won three pennants and two Stanley Cup championships. Jack Adams then was general manager of the Detroit Red Wings and Hap Day was coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs. Both were strong Brimsek supporters.

Said Adams in 1940: "Frankie Brimsek is not only

the greatest goaltender in the National Hockey League, but the greatest of all time."

Said Day in 1942: "I've never seen a better goaltender than Frankie Brimsek during his early years with the Bruins."

Brimsek enlisted in the United States Coast Guard at the end of the 1942–43 season and served aboard a patrol craft in the Pacific for the next two years. At the conclusion of the war, he returned to Boston, put in four more seasons with the Bruins, then was traded to the Chicago Black Hawks in 1949. After one season with the Hawks, he retired and went home to Minnesota.

Gordie Howe, who broke in with the Red Wings in 1946, remembers the postwar Brimsek. "He was good, mighty good," Howe said. "I had always heard he was great with the glove, and early in my career I found out just how great he was.

"I had a breakaway in a game against the Bruins and figured I had Brimsek cold turkey because he dropped to one knee as I approached the net. Actually he was just toying with me. I got my shot up high, aiming for a corner. At the last second, his left arm went up and he gloved that shot like a first baseman."

It was no coincidence that Brimsek looked like a baseball player to Howe. During his youth, Frankie starred in baseball at Eveleth High School. "I had a good chance to get into the major leagues because I could catch the ball pretty good," he once remarked. "But I wasn't a great hitter."

Brimsek, born on September 26, 1915, came into hockey quite by accident. His older brother, John, was the family hockey player, a second-string goalie on the Eveleth High School team behind a talented regular named Mike Karakas. But John Brimsek wanted to be a defenseman, so Frankie, deferring to his brother, volunteered to don the goalie's "tools of ignorance" when Karakas graduated. Brother John moved up to the blue line.

Frankie's diffidence as a youth showed itself in a

curious way, according to his high-school coach, Cliff Thompson. "He just stood in the net and waited for the puck to come to him," Thompson said. "Most kids want to come out to meet the puck too soon and too often. It was a long time before I could get Frankie to come skating out of the net and cut down the angles."

Cut them down he did, at Eveleth High School and for a brief time at St. Cloud Teachers College. In the fall of 1935, Brimsek traveled to Baltimore for a tryout with Baltimore of the Eastern Amateur Hockey League. He gambled everything on making the Baltimore team, including his small bank account, and failed.

Brimsek was disappointed and disgruntled, but he remained in hockey by accident, too. While hitchhiking back to Minnesota, he went broke in Pittsburgh. He stopped off at the old Duquesne Arena to see if he could borrow food money. By chance, the Yellow Jackets, Pittsburgh's entry in the Eastern League, needed a goalie. Frankie landed the job.

He kept it for two years, and it looked like he would keep it forever—an American-born goaltender buried in a strong amateur league. Advancement to the pros was slow because this was long before expansion and the platooning of goalies. There was then only one major league with eight teams—and eight goalies.

It was the coach of a rival club, Herb Mitchell of the Hershey Bears, who got Brimsek out of Pittsburgh and into the pro ranks. Mitchell wanted to do a good turn for his old coach, Art Ross, then general manager and coach of the Bruins. He told Ross about a dark-haired young man with quick hands playing goal for Pittsburgh.

Ross considered Mitchell an excellent judge of talent. So in the fall of 1937 the Bruins' boss signed Brimsek to a pro contract, though he had never seen him play, and assigned him to the Providence Reds, Boston's farm club in the American league.

Once more, Brimsek settled down in his goalie cage to wait. All around him other goalies were doing the

same thing. Bert Gardiner was with the Philadelphia Ramblers, a farm team of the New York Rangers. He was waiting for the brilliant Davey Kerr to retire.

The job Brimsek wanted belonged to Boston's Cecil (Tiny) Thompson, long known as "the goalie without a weakness." Thompson was rated the best in the business, a four-time winner of the Vezina Trophy. He was quick as the neighbor's cat and had marvelous reflexes.

Another accident pushed Brimsek closer to a regular job with the Bruins at the start of the 1938–39 season. Thompson developed an infected eye, and Ross wired for Brimsek. But now that he had a chance to show his stuff, Frankie was none too keen about it. It's a tough-enough handicap to fill in for a good man, but when he's the best and most popular to boot it's even tougher.

"I was so jittery when we got to Toronto for the opening game that I couldn't eat," Brimsek recalls. "My hands shook so much that Jack Crawford, my roommate, had to feed me like a baby."

But Frankie Brimsek was no baby. He was then twenty-three years old, five feet, nine inches, and 170 pounds. His jitters faded once the game started, and the Bruins made him a 3–2 winner in his NHL debut. Three nights later, Brimsek and the Bruins beat the Red Wings.

By this time, Thompson was fit again, so Brimsek dutifully returned to Providence. Art Ross, though, started thinking then about trading Thompson. He knew Tiny was great and at age thirty-three he probably would remain outstanding for several years. But what would happen to young Brimsek? Ross had seen other promising youngsters, stuck in the minors, lose ambition and be ruined by waiting.

The thought of trading Thompson, though, scared Ross. Tiny had served the Bruins well for ten years and had developed a multitude of fanatic followers. Ross knew he would have to contend with them if he traded Thompson and his successor failed.

Ross slipped into Providence in late November, watched Brimsek turn in a couple of shutouts, and made up his mind. On November 28, 1938, Thompson was sold to the Red Wings for $15,000. One can picture the consternation of the Boston fans when Brimsek, little more than a year out of the amateurs, was called up as Thompson's replacement.

In his two earlier appearances with the Bruins, Brimsek was the stand-in. Now he was on his own, the featured player in a great hockey melodrama. How would he react? Would Jack Crawford have to feed him like a baby again? And if Brimsek was able to get any food into his system, would he be able to keep it down?

On the evening of December 1, 1938, Brimsek went into the nets at the Montreal Forum as Thompson's replacement. The game was far from Boston, yet Brimsek could feel critical, perhaps even hostile, eyes focused on his every move.

"It was a night I'll never forget," Brimsek said in retrospect. "I tried to act cool, but that was impossible. I knew people were sitting back and waiting for me to boot one."

The evening turned into a nightmare. The Canadiens, victors in only one of eight previous games, hung a 2–0 defeat on Brimsek and the Bruins. Their own rookie goalie, Claude Bourque, was superb. In Detroit, the departed Thompson beat Chicago, 4–1. Brimsek suffered in every comparison.

Then, in the next seven games, Frank Brimsek became a hockey legend.

It started in Chicago, where the Bruins faced the Black Hawks, defending Stanley Cup champions, in a game fraught with coincidence. The Chicago star was Paul Thompson, brother of Tiny. The Hawks' goalie was Mike Karakas, the old Eveleth star whom Brimsek had replaced as a high-school goalie. Two delegations of fans traveled from Eveleth to Chicago for the game —each led by the mother of a rival goalie.

For the first two periods it was a tight defensive bat-

tle. Milt Schmidt scored for Boston in the second period and Dit Clapper added another Bruins' goal as the final period opened. Now Brimsek was sitting on a 2–0 lead. Karakas appeared to weaken after that. Schmidt, Clapper, and Charlie Sands beat the Chicago goalie during a span of fifty-eight seconds late in the game.

Frankie Brimsek skated off the ice with a 5–0 shutout—his first in the NHL.

Two nights later, the same teams met in Boston Garden. It was Brimsek's first appearance before the always critical Bruins fans, but there was only a smattering of mild applause when he skated onto the ice.

Brimsek could feel the coolness. It was as if 12,000 fans were saying, "All right! You've got Tiny's job. Let's see what you can do with it. Show us!"

And show them Brimsek did! Time and again he threw his body or his glove or his stick in front of Chicago shots and emerged with a 2–0 victory. The same fans who had received him with cool politeness two hours earlier gave the rookie a warm ovation as he left the ice.

Next: New York and the rising Rangers of Neil and Mac Colville, Lynn and Muzz Patrick, Phil Watson and Bryan Hextall. For better than two periods the Rangers poured it on, peppering Brimsek with thirty-three shots. He stopped all of them and racked up his third straight shutout, 3–0.

By this time even the least statistically minded fan noted that Brimsek had compiled 192 minutes and forty seconds of scoreless netminding. Record books were dug out. The NHL record of 446 minutes and nine seconds, set by Alex Connell of Ottawa in 1928, before forward passing was permitted in the attacking zone, seemed out of reach. But not Tiny Thompson's modern mark of 224 minutes and 47 seconds.

The Boston fans were solidly in Brimsek's corner when the Bruins played their next game against the Canadiens at Boston Garden. So were Frankie's teammates, though by now they were so confident of their

young goaltender that they frequently left him alone while they mounted five-man sallies deep into enemy ice. High praise for a rookie.

Bobby Bauer and Gordie Pettinger collected goals for the Bruins while Brimsek held the Canadiens scoreless during the first period, running his string to 212 minutes and 40 seconds.

The tension mounted in the second period. Five minutes went by. Ten minutes. At the twelve minute mark, expectation began to rise audibly in 13,000 throats. At 12:08, it burst forth in a roar that rocked the Garden.

Brimsek had erased Tiny Thompson's scoreless record in only his fifth game as a Bruin regular!

With less than a minute remaining in the second period, the Bruins' confident neglect of their goaltender finally proved too much for Brimsek. Four Boston players were caught down ice when Herb Cain and George Brown of the Canadiens worked a two-on-one breakaway against defenseman Crawford. Brown had the puck, faked a shot, and then passed to Cain, who broke in alone and put the puck behind Brimsek.

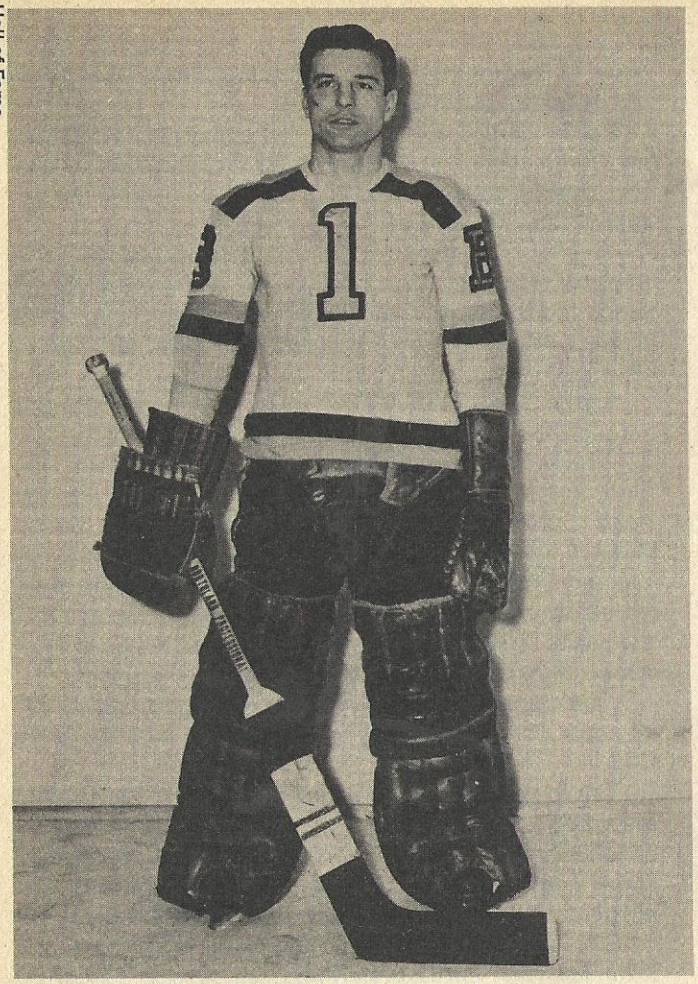
Cain's goal ended Brimsek's scoreless streak at 231 minutes and 54 seconds, but the Bruins won the game 3–2.

The legend of Frankie Brimsek was only half-written into the books.

Boston, now alone in first place, rolled into Montreal. The Canadiens fell, 1–0. Brimsek was working on another streak. Next: Detroit and Brimsek's first face-to-face meeting with Tiny Thompson. Both were brilliant for two scoreless periods. But it was Thompson and the Red Wings who finally faltered. Brimsek and the Bruins prevailed, 2–0.

Two nights later, the New York Americans threw five forwards onto the ice, but the unorthodox move failed to dent Brimsek's composure. He made twenty-three saves, ten of them spectacular, and the Bruins had another victory, 3–0.

The adding machines were out again. Brimsek's vic-



Hall of Fame

Frankie Brimsek broke in with Boston by shutting out opponents in six of his first eight games.

tory over the Americans was his third straight shutout and his sixth in seven games—an unheard-of performance by a veteran, let alone a rookie. His new scoreless string stood at 195 minutes and 15 seconds. How long could he keep it up?

The official seating capacity of Boston Garden in 1938 was 13,909. More than 16,000 fans defied the fire laws on Christmas night as Brimsek went after his own record against the Rangers.

When the Bruins lost Jack Portland on a tripping penalty early in the opening period, Brimsek refused to panic. He stopped everything that was fired at him during the Rangers' power play.

The hum of suppressed excitement began to rise in the second period. Dutch Hiller led a Ranger rush into the corner and passed out to Bryan Hextall, who relayed the puck to Phil Watson at the corner of the Boston net. Watson flipped it into the net for the first goal on Brimsek in 220 minutes and 24 seconds of hockey.

As Brimsek reached back to retrieve the puck, he was greeted with a standing ovation. He had needed only nine games—six of them spectacular shutouts—to make the Bruins' fans forget the master, Tiny Thompson.

Brimsek went on from there to win the Calder Trophy as the NHL's Rookie of the Year and the Vezina Trophy as the league's top goaltender. He surrendered only sixty-nine goals in forty-three games for a magnificent 1.60 average and ten shutouts.

Sparked by Brimsek's brilliant netminding, the Bruins won the NHL's regular-season championship, then skated off with the Stanley Cup by wiping out the Toronto Maple Leafs in the final round of the playoffs.

And when the writers' votes were tabulated for the NHL All-Star team, Frank Brimsek was a near-unanimous choice, dethroning the incumbent goaltender, Tiny Thompson.

Other honors followed for Brimsek; he was named either to the first or second All-Star team on seven other

occasions and repeated as the Vezina winner in 1942.

Following his retirement in 1950, Brimsek settled down in Virginia, Minnesota, a town about five miles south of Eveleth. He became an engineer for the Canadian National Railroad, guiding freight trains between Duluth and various cities in Canada.

During a 1974 interview, Brimsek explained why he had retired as an NHL goalie at the comparatively young age of thirty-four. "It wasn't fun anymore," he said. "Earlier in my career, I used to get the itch whenever the first snow fell in Minnesota. I couldn't wait to play. Then I lost the itch and that's when I figured it was time to quit."

Never too outspoken as a player, Brimsek then offered two provocative thoughts on modern hockey.

On expansion: "I'm afraid now of overexposure. There are teams everywhere. And the money they are paying some of the kids. Wow! I wonder if they're worth it."

On goalie masks: "I don't think I would have liked wearing one. They tell me they're very hot to wear. And though they've been improved in recent years, I still think they obstruct a goaltender's vision, especially on low shots or when the puck winds up at your feet."

Brimsek laughed when he was reminded that he earned the nickname "Mr. Zero" for his amazing string of shutouts as Tiny Thompson's replacement back in 1938. "Tiny was such a great goaltender, I had to be good or they would have chased me right out of Boston," he said.

No defenseman has ever matched Harvey's featherlike touch when passing the puck. . . . "They used to say you could put an egg on his stick and he would pass it across the ice without cracking it."

DOUG HARVEY: LAZY LIGHTNING

Watching Doug Harvey play hockey was like watching Joe DiMaggio play baseball. Both made their jobs look easy because they performed with such consummate grace.

During his days with the New York Yankees, DiMaggio chased down fly balls, ran the bases, and stroked hit after hit in an almost casual fashion.

Harvey displayed the same nonchalance during the twenty-two seasons he spent in pro hockey. He was unmatched among defensemen of his time for union of style and subtlety, wisdom and strength. His seemingly effortless play earned him the nickname "Lazy Lightning." It also earned him scowls from his coaches and occasional jeers from fans who mistook his low-gear skating for indolence.

Toe Blake played with and later coached Harvey on the Montreal Canadiens. Said Blake: "Doug played defense in a rocking chair. No guy ever put my heart in my mouth as often as he did. But I learned to swallow in silence. His style was casual all right, but he made it work."

Unlike DiMaggio, who gained almost immediate stardom with the Yankees, Harvey required several seasons to cultivate the support of the Montreal fans. During his early years with the Canadiens, the boos came down like storm windows in the spring because

many people figured Doug was loafing on the job.

"I used to wonder when I'd get the puck near our net and take my time looking for a man breaking for a pass if maybe the fans were right and I was wrong," he recalled recently. "I was tempted to change my style and become a rusher. That's the best way to make the All-Star team and bring out the cheers, you know. But I just never played that type of game."

So Harvey continued to play the game his way—and ignored the cries of "loafer."

"I don't think the point is whether or not you're loafing but whether you know when to loaf," he explained. Actually, he prefers the word pacing to loafing, and readily admits he paced himself, especially late in his career.

"In hockey, you can't bust around every second you're on the ice. You'd collapse. Have you ever watched Bobby Hull? Sometimes he looks like he's just out for a skate. But when there's an opening he explodes."

Harvey didn't earn an All-Star berth until 1952—his fifth season with the Canadiens. Once he made the select team, he was tough to dislodge. During the next nine years he failed to make the number-one team only once; that occurred in 1959 when he had to settle for a second-team berth.

In 1954, when the James Norris Memorial Trophy was introduced as an annual award "to the defense player who demonstrates the greatest all-around ability in that position," Red Kelly shaded Harvey in the voting. In the next eight years, though he appeared to loaf a lot, the winner was Doug Harvey seven times.

Harvey was the defensive hub of Montreal teams that won an unprecedented five straight Stanley Cups between 1956 through 1960. By this time he was fully appreciated by the fans—and Toe Blake.

"Doug was our quarterback," said the former Montreal coach. "Nobody could do so many things with the puck. Check the best defensemen, past and present, and you'll find there was something they couldn't do.

Not Doug. He could do it all."

And Harvey did it all with stolid purposefulness.

"Wasted motion will hurt a team as much as it will a player," he observed. "Some teams, especially the expansion teams, have defensemen who are always rushing and forwards who are always backchecking. That's exactly the reverse of what their names dictate they should be doing.

"A defenseman's job is to defend and feed the puck to the forwards—headmanning it, we call it. Toronto once had a rule that a defenseman couldn't pass the puck in his own end; he had to lug it out. Why in hell should a man carry the puck when the rules permit him to pass it half the length of the ice—and ten times quicker?"

According to Emile Francis, no defenseman has ever matched Harvey's featherlike touch when passing the puck. "Doug was great with the soft pass," said the Rangers' general manager. "They used to say you could put an egg on his stick and he would pass it across the ice without cracking it."

During sixteen full seasons and parts of four others in the National Hockey League, Harvey scored only eighty-eight goals. Bobby Orr totaled almost that many in two recent seasons. Harvey claimed he never worried too much about scoring "because I had no bonus for goals, so I concentrated on helping the guys who did."

Hal Laycoe, a one-time teammate of Harvey's on the Canadiens, said, "Doug didn't score much, but if you checked the summaries of all the games he played [1,113], you'd find he scored most of his goals when it really counted. If the Canadiens won a game easily, chances are he didn't even pick up an assist."

Harvey said, "That's right. I seldom scored any points in a runaway game."

And why not?

"I lost interest when the outcome wasn't in doubt," he replied in his typical straightforward fashion.

Harvey's insistence on playing while nursing injuries

also helped dispel thoughts he was a loafer. Late in the 1960–61 season, he suffered a separated shoulder. Doctors estimated he would be out for at least a month. Doug came back to play four days later.

Bert Olmstead, another former teammate, recalled his amazement one night in Montreal as he watched Harvey try to get his hockey boot over an instep that was blackened and swollen.

"You're not going to play on that," Olmstead said.

"I am if I can get this skate on," Harvey replied. "The X-rays show there's no break."

He played that game, and another, then reluctantly told the team's trainer that his foot didn't seem to be getting any better. More X-rays were taken and this time they showed a fractured toe.

Douglas Norman Harvey was born in Montreal on December 19, 1924. He grew up in a middle-class environment in the Notre Dame de Grâce section of west Montreal. "My father was born in England and was in the pharmaceutical business. My mother was born in Pennsylvania. There were three other kids—two brothers and a sister—and we grew up in the Depression. We never went hungry, but it was close a few times."

His early life didn't revolve completely around hockey; he was one of Montreal's greatest all-round athletes as a high-school student. He played hockey in its season, baseball and football in their seasons. He also played lacrosse and soccer, ran the mile, and threw the javelin.

He started out as a center in hockey, but someone told him he was too slow and he was eventually moved to defense. "I didn't mind," he said, "because you got a lot more playing time that way—fifty or fifty-five minutes a game." He used to play up to twenty games a season of junior hockey, another fourteen games with his high-school team, and still another twenty games, he says, "around the corner."

In September of 1942, Harvey joined the Canadian

Navy, serving twenty-six months as a gunner on a merchant ship in the North Atlantic. One year he came home on leave, woefully out of shape, and participated in a playoff game with the Montreal Royals, a junior amateur team. He says it was the hardest night of his life. "I was so tired afterwards that I had to take a shower sitting in a chair."

After the war, he played with the Royal Juniors for one year, then graduated to the Royal Seniors. During his second season with the Seniors, the team won the Allan Cup as champions of Canada. It was then that he developed his effortless, almost nonchalant style. "We only had three defensemen, so I learned to conserve my energy."

When the Canadiens invited him to training camp in 1947, Harvey was expending his energy trying to make a big-league hockey team while playing minor-league baseball. He was a left-handed-hitting outfielder with Ottawa of the old Class C Border League. Ottawa was engaged in the playoffs when the Canadiens' camp opened.

"We played the ball games at night," Harvey recalls. "After the game I'd get in my car and drive to the Canadiens' camp at St. Hyacinthe's. It was about 160 miles one way. I would practice with the Canadiens in the morning, then get back in the car and drive to Ottawa for the ball game. I only had to do it for about a week. When you're young, you do those things, eh?"

Ottawa won the playoffs and Harvey won a job with the Canadiens, though he spent half of the 1947–48 season shuttling between Montreal and Buffalo of the American League. During the summer of 1948, Doug led the Border League in hitting with a .351 average. The following spring, the old Boston Braves drafted him and assigned him to their Class B club at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, but he refused to report.

"I felt that if they really wanted me they would have given me a shot at Class A ball," he said. "But they probably drafted me on my record, figuring I was just another hockey player. So I said to hell with it."

Baseball's loss was the Canadiens' gain. By now, Harvey was establishing himself in hockey, though his smooth style at first annoyed the Montreal fans. They thought he was lazy. So did Dick Irvin, the white-haired martinet who was then the Canadiens' coach. A lazy man, though, could not have survived Irvin's jungle-law practices.

Harvey, who did survive, said, "There was no referee. Sometimes three guys would gang up and nail you. You'd remember it, and when you got your chance you'd nail one of 'em and step on him and say, 'That was for last week.' You had to prove to Dick Irvin that you belonged. I don't condemn it, though. He had everybody hungry. He kept us on the bit."

Whacked in the mouth with a stick during one such practice, Harvey recalls, "I spit out some teeth, threw 'em in the seats, and kept going. I wouldn't give Irvin the satisfaction of letting him know."

Irvin loved to stick the needle into Harvey and then observe his defenseman's reaction. Before the start of the 1950–51 season, Irvin was quoted as saying that Harvey would "have to shed a tendency to hot and cold performances. If he has the necessary desire and gives everything he has, then the Canadiens could make it."

Harvey played in all of Montreal's seventy games that season and he played well, but Detroit was winning NHL titles with monotonous regularity in those years and Montreal finished third.

In discussing the oft-repeated charges that he played hot and cold hockey, Harvey explained that it was a carryover from his junior hockey days when he often found himself playing almost the entire game. "I admit I let down a bit now and then," he was quoted back in 1950, "but don't think that when I let down that I'm not out there giving my best."

During the 1951–52 season, Irvin came close to trading Harvey to the Detroit Red Wings for Marcel Pronovost. "For years now all I've been hearing is that Doug Harvey could be the best defenseman in the

league if he wants to be," Irvin said. "I'm sick and tired of listening to that stuff. Harvey can't play hockey."

At the end of that season, Harvey was named to the NHL All-Star team for the first time. Irvin greeted the news with a thin grin. His barb had worked.

Irvin continued to use applied psychology on Harvey every chance he got. It wasn't strange to hear Irvin praise Doug in the public prints one week and berate him the next. Here are a pair of quotes by Irvin on Harvey that appeared within eleven days of each other in 1953:

From the February 3, 1953, issue of the Montreal *Star:*

> . . . Harvey is not as indispensable as many think. He's good, but he's no Red Kelly. I'd trade Harvey today and toss in a couple of players and $5,000 in cash if Red Kelly could come to Montreal.

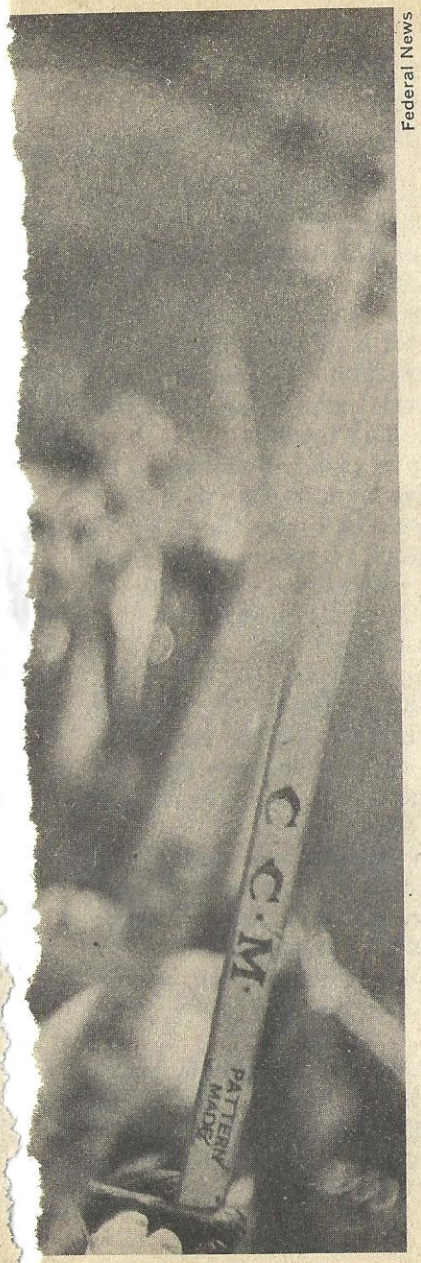
From the Toronto *Star Weekly* of February 14, 1953:

> Kelly may be a better rusher, although I question that, too. Harvey is a sound ice general, a first-rate passer, and he can bodycheck. Let me put it this way—there's nothing Kelly can do that Harvey can't.

Harvey probably breathed a sigh of relief when Irvin quit the Canadiens in 1955 to become coach of the Chicago Black Hawks. By then Harvey was considered pro hockey's top defenseman. He continued to improve under the Canadiens' new coach, Toe Blake.

Montreal then had the most awesome power play in hockey history. It consisted of Harvey and Boom Boom Geoffrion on the points and Maurice Richard, Jean Beliveau, and Bert Olmstead up front. Harvey controlled things from his position at left point, playing with the puck until he got a rival to commit himself and then hitting the open man.

That marvelous quintet was broken up when Olmstead was traded to Toronto in 1958. Richard retired



Federal News

Doug Harvey became a Ranger after fourteen years with the Canadiens.

two years later. Harvey fell into disfavor with the Montreal management when he helped form the NHL Players' Association in 1957, but it took the Canadiens four years to unload him.

"Frank Selke had to wait for a chance to get rid of me," says Harvey. "He did it after the 1960–61 season when we missed making the finals in the playoffs for the first time in six years."

Selke was general manager of the Canadiens in those days, and Harvey figures the NHL chose Selke to try to break the players' association. "He [Selke] called every player in, one by one," says Doug. "But they all stood by me and he couldn't break it."

Selke, though, succeeded in peddling Harvey to the New York Rangers for defenseman Louie Fontinato in 1961. Harvey signed a three-year contract for $27,500 a year to become the Rangers' player-coach. The deal astounded Montreal fans. Harvey had been with the Canadiens for fourteen years and, though he was then thirty-six, he was hardly washed up.

When Doug took over his new dual role, he couldn't wait to play against his old teammates. "All I want to do is beat their ass off," he said. He did more than that. He was again voted the best defenseman in the NHL, he made the All-Star team, and the Rangers made the playoffs, finishing fourth.

The Toronto *Star,* in an editorial, pointed out that "what Harvey accomplished during that 1961–62 season will be remembered as one of the most amazing individual accomplishments in the history of hockey. He picked up the incompetent Rangers and shoved them into the Stanley Cup playoffs. They hadn't risen that high in four seasons."

Strangely, Harvey hated every minute of his coaching job. "I just couldn't do it," he said. "It was no good. I like to play the game and go out after for a beer with the boys. You know, sit around and shoot the breeze. Hell, you can't do that when you're a coach."

So after only one season in New York, Harvey quit

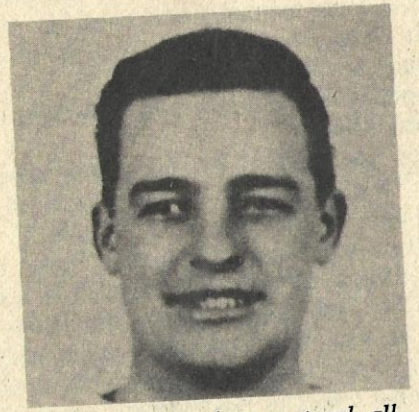
as coach. He remained with the Rangers as a player until early in the 1963–64 season, then was handed his unconditional release. As pro hockey's only free agent, he bounced around the minors for the next five years. This upset some members of the hockey establishment, who felt Doug was making a mockery of the game by continuing to play though fat (he was then about thirty pounds over his best playing weight of 180) and out of condition.

Harvey was amused by this phony concern for his welfare. "What the hell," he said, "I started on the bottom and now I'm finishing on the bottom."

However, expansion gave him a chance to finish on top. He made a remarkable comeback as a defenseman with the St. Louis Blues during the 1968–69 season. Though he was then forty-four years old, he didn't miss a single regular-season game and helped the Blues into the final round of the Stanley Cup playoffs against the Canadiens, his old team. The Blues were eliminated in four games, but they put up a great fight. So did Doug Harvey.

It was a nice way for the snub-nosed veteran to bow out as a player. He remained in the big leagues, serving as an assistant coach with the Los Angeles Kings. Then with the formation of the World Hockey Association in 1972, he became a front-office executive with the Houston Aeros.

In 1973, Harvey was still sticking pins into the hide of the NHL establishment. In a bold ploy, he helped talk Gordie Howe and his two sons into signing with Houston. That same summer he was elected to the Hall of Fame but refused to show up for the induction ceremonies.



"Nels was the best natural all-round athlete I have ever seen in Canada. If he had grown up in California he would have been Davis Cup material in tennis. The first time he was thrown into the lake by the bigger guys, he could swim with a crawl stroke."

NELS STEWART: OL' POISON

"He skated with short, toddling steps. He looked slow, lazy. He would ghost along with the rush and you would lose sight of him as his wings crossed the blue line. But when the pass came, there he'd be, free in front of the goal . . . and he needed only a flick of the wrists to slip the puck into the net."

Those words could be used today to describe the deceptive goal-scoring style of Phil Esposito. But the Boston Bruins' superstar wasn't born until a year after the late James E. Hendy, a noted author, statistician, and hockey executive, composed that tribute to a fellow Hall of Famer in 1941.

Hendy was writing about Nelson Malcolm Stewart, who was known as Nels to his friends and as "Ol' Poison" to most of his rivals.

Stewart was the Phil Esposito of hockey in the late twenties and through most of the thirties. Stewart, like Esposito, was a six-foot, 200-pound center with great strength and a tremendous shot.

"Nels was one helluva hockey player. He was almost impossible to move once he got in front of the net," said Frank Boucher, another Hall of Fame center and a contemporary of Stewart's.

Sound like Esposito?

"And I'll tell you this," Boucher added. "You watched Nels skate up the ice a couple of times and

you wondered if he'd make it back."

Again, Esposito?

But when it came to scoring goals, nobody who played the game during Stewart's generation could match him. "He used a wide blade on his stick and would simply shovel in goals," Boucher said.

Nels Stewart shoveled in 324 goals in 650 games during his fifteen years in the National Hockey League. It stood as a league record until Rocket Richard wiped it out in his eleventh season with the Canadiens in 1952. (Esposito scored goal number 324 in his ninth NHL season, but by this time the regular-season schedule had been expanded to seventy-eight games, compared to the forty-eight-game schedule of Stewart's era.)

There is one Stewart record, though, that has never been broken. He scored two goals in four seconds in a game against the Bruins on January 3, 1931.

Old-time hockey fans still insist that when Nels Stewart was playing with the Montreal Maroons he was the very epitome of the perfect hard-nosed center. He was rough and he was tough and he knew how to put the puck in the net.

He also had the benefit of playing with two hard-nosed wingers, Hooley Smith and Babe Siebert. They represented the "S-Line"—hockey's most-feared trio during a period that spanned the Roaring Twenties and the depression years of the early thirties.

All three made it into the Hall of Fame, but the unquestioned leader of the pack was Nelson Stewart, an athlete for all seasons.

Stewart was born in Montreal on December 29, 1902, but grew up in Toronto. One of his childhood buddies was Ted Reeve, who became one of Canada's most prominent sports reporters and columnists. In a recollection about his old schoolmate, Reeve wrote:

> Nels grew up in exactly the right environment in the east end of Toronto in those times of tremendous neighborhood rivalry . . . where everybody seemed aware of the notion that boys were made for the purpose of kicking a football or propelling pucks or running out the long summer evenings shagging flies or whipping a lacrosse ball about the landscape.
>
> What an apprenticeship for a lad who, like Nels, could watch a pastime for ten minutes . . . and be doing it right and skillfully after a couple of shots at same.
>
> Nels was the best natural all-round athlete I have ever seen in Canada. If he had grown up in California he would have been Davis Cup material in tennis . . . the first time he was thrown into the lake by the bigger guys, he could swim with a crawl stroke.
>
> At baseball as a thirteen-year-old he was catching with one hand back of the plate, the way Bill Dickey showed later, and snapping throws from the crouch to second base in the Jimmy Archer fashion.
>
> He was a high-stepping, spiral-kicking, placement specialist at football and [had] a straight arm that would shake a tackler right out of his shoulder harness.
>
> Soccer also, believe it or not. Most of the expert lads at that game were new off the boat, but Nels could dribble or shoot with either foot as though he had grown up in Blackpool.

It was ice hockey, though, that won out when Stewart decided on a professional career. He began with the Parkdale Canoe Club in Toronto, moving on to Cleveland in the old United States Amateur Hockey League. In 1925, James Strachan, then the president of the Montreal Maroons, received a glowing report from a scout who claimed "Nelson Stewart is the greatest hockey player in the world."

Stewart made the big jump to the Maroons that year and performed the unprecedented feat of winning the NHL scoring championship and the Most Valuable Player award as a rookie.

"My first NHL game was a bloodletter between the Maroons and Canadiens in the old Mount Royal Arena," Stewart once recalled. "It's hard to realize how rabid those fans were—each team had its section of rooters with cheerleaders. Before the game started there were fights. Wire screens were set up to prevent the fans from throwing missiles at the players.

"I learned one thing fast—rookies were roughed up to see if they could take it. I was kicked, butted, and gouged until my teeth rattled. But I scored two goals and we won the game. I must have played pretty well because the Canadien fans grabbed my sweater. I also got drenched with tobacco juice."

King Clancy remembers the first time he played against Stewart. Clancy was then the star defenseman for the Ottawa Senators. He decided to establish his authority quickly, clamping his stick over Stewart's in front of the Ottawa net.

"Nels didn't do a thing for a few seconds," Clancy related. "He just ignored me until suddenly he turned his head and spat right in my eye. When I jumped back in horror, Nels snapped at a pass from Babe Siebert and the red light was on."

Stewart also is remembered for an encounter he had with the Green brothers, Shorty and Redvers, of the New York Americans. It was early in Stewart's career and the Maroons were playing the Americans in the old Madison Square Garden. The Greens, like the Potvin brothers of the current New York Islanders, stood by each other. When one got into a fight, the other was there to help out. On this particular night in New York, Stewart amazed Garden onlookers by knocking out both Greens.

Other rivals soon learned it wasn't wise to mess with Stewart. "I showed I could take it and dish it out, too," he said. "I led the league in penalties with 119 minutes in my first year with the Maroons."

He led the league in just about everything that year. He scored thirty-four goals in thirty-six regular-season games. It remained a league record for a rookie until

Gil Perreault of the Buffalo Sabres scored thirty-eight goals in seventy-eight games for the Buffalo Sabres forty-five years later.

Stewart also proved to be a big-money player. In the final of the 1926 Stanley Cup playoffs, the Maroons wiped out the Victoria Cougars in four games. And though Stewart spent a good deal of time playing defense, he also was the Maroons' leading scorer in the playoffs.

Stewart's goal production skidded to seventeen during the 1926–27 season. He was then centering a line for Siebert and Bill Phillips. The S-Line was formed in the fall of 1927. That's when the Maroons obtained Smith from Ottawa for $22,500.

The trio soon became the terrors of the NHL. They played 220 games together over five seasons, totaling 264 goals and 453 points. They also racked up 1,182 minutes in penalties.

Stewart was the line's top marksman. During his time on the S-Line he contributed 134 goals and 190 points, averaging 27 goals per season. In later years, he admitted he was lucky to have played with Siebert and Smith—just as Phil Esposito has conceded how nice it is to have Ken Hodge and Wayne Cashman as linemates.

"Babe and Hooley did most of the work because I was a shambling six-footer who took relays from the corners," Stewart said. "They knew I was out there and waiting and if they freed the puck I'd do the rest."

Stewart reached his goal-scoring peak during the 1929–30 season when he scored thirty-nine in forty-four games. However, he was credited with only sixteen assists and finished second in the Canadian Division scoring race with fifty-five points, five less than Ottawa's Hec Kilrea and five ahead of Howie Morenz.

The Maroons tied the Canadiens for first place and Stewart was named the league's Most Valuable Player for the second time in five years.

The S-Line was broken up with dramatic sudden-

Hall of Fame

Nels Stewart was the NHL scoring champ and MVP in 1926.

ness in 1932 when Stewart was traded to the Bruins and Siebert to the New York Americans. Now Stewart was a teammate of Eddie Shore, an old, bitter rival.

"That ended the Shore-Stewart vendetta," Nels recalled. "We had been knocking each other down for years, with Eddie doing most of the knocking. What a bulldozer he was! At Boston, we formed a one-two combination. He carried the puck and I converted his passes.

"I also joined forces then with Tiny Thompson—for my money the best puckstopper who ever strapped on pads. He had big hands, fast feet, and a goalstick a mile wide.

"Tiny and I used to bet before every practice that he couldn't stop me three times out of five rushes. I tried everything to beat him and I lost money every time. He was phenomenal."

Stewart was paid $10,000 a year by the Bruins, which he admitted "was plenty in those days." He earned his pay, too, averaging twenty goals a season in three years with Boston.

The Bruins traded Stewart to the Americans in 1935. "That's when I noticed myself slipping," he said. "My reflexes were slower. I lacked that extra step and I was hitting the post instead of the net. Experience helped me bridge the gap for a few years, but then youth took over. It was curtains for me."

He still managed to total twenty-three goals while dividing the 1936–37 season between Boston and New York. He quit the Americans at the end of the 1938–39 season, but was talked into making a comeback with the club midway through the following season. After adding seven more goals to his record total, he called it quits in 1940 and went back to Ontario to coach amateur teams.

One of his protégés was Ted Kennedy, a center who played for Stewart at Port Colborne, Ontario, in the early forties. Oddly, Kennedy was never a free skater, and perhaps that is why Stewart was so fond of him. They had a lot in common. But under Stewart's di-

rection, Kennedy learned fast and made the jump to the Toronto Maple Leafs at the age of seventeen in 1942.

Kennedy played fourteen years with the Maple Leafs, retiring in 1956. A year later, his old coach, Nels Stewart, died while vacationing at Wasaga Beach, Ontario, on Georgian Bay. He was fifty-four.

So "Ol' Poison" was dead. He was mourned by many, including his old schoolmate, columnist Ted Reeve, who wrote: "Please now, this is not a mournful bit, nor one of those laudatory numbers that friends will sometimes give to a pal who had gone . . . Nels had a big, full run at life when hockey was the way to fame. He was good company."

Nels Stewart, as Frank Boucher said, also was one helluva hockey player.

He never backed away from a fight—he proved that in his first NHL game—but he preferred beating an opponent with guile instead of his fists.

FRANK BOUCHER: GENTLEMAN FRANK

Frank Boucher had traveled from his home in Kemptville, Ontario, to Montreal to attend hockey's annual summer meetings. He was seated in a straight-back chair at the rear of the hospitality suite, swapping stories with venerable Fred (Cyclone) Taylor and the ageless Eddie Shore.

Boucher, Taylor, and Shore—what an awesome triumvirate of hockey immortals.

The bird-like Taylor was then pushing ninety, yet he appeared spry and alert. He had earned his nickname as a furious rushing defenseman, rover, and center shortly after the turn of the century.

Taylor's drinking companions on this day in June 1973 were comparative youngsters—Shore was seventy, Boucher seventy-one. They had come out of Western Canada together in 1926 to join National Hockey League teams—Shore gaining immediate stardom as a defenseman with the Boston Bruins and Boucher winning the hearts of all New Yorkers as a slick, playmaking center with the Rangers.

Now they were seated alongside each other, toasting the good old days.

Of the three, Boucher was getting the most enjoyment out of this reunion. He was back in his favorite element, one that always included warm fellowship and cold beer. As the names of good friends and

bitter rivals were dropped into the conversation, Boucher would nod his head, smile, and say, "A nice fellow . . . and a helluva hockey player."

Frank Boucher encountered a lot of hockey people who weren't nice fellows during his days as a player, coach, and general manager. He would criticize them, sure, but then drop the matter. He bore no grudges then and he still doesn't. That's why he has always been known as a gentleman—extremely gentle and all man.

As a player, he was a seven-time winner of the Lady Byng Trophy, which is awarded annually to the NHL player "adjudged to have exhibited the best type of sportsmanship and gentlemanly conduct combined with a high standard of playing ability." He was awarded permanent possession of the original trophy in 1935 after winning it for the seventh time in eight years.

However, it wasn't Boucher's exemplary conduct alone that earned him a place in hockey's Hall of Fame. In twelve full seasons as a center with the Rangers, he totaled 148 goals and 251 assists. During most of that time (1926–38), he was the pivotman for Bill and Bun Cook on one of hockey's most feared lines.

Boucher made other major contributions to pro hockey. As a member of the NHL's rules committee he was responsible for the introduction of the red (center) line that speeded up the game. And he pushed for the abolition of the amateur sponsorship rule which led to the introduction of the universal player draft. He also proved to be an accurate soothsayer, predicting hockey's coast-to-coast expansion long before it became a reality.

Now he hopes to live long enough to see the NHL restore "sudden-death" overtime periods.

Francis Xavier (Frank) Boucher was born in Ottawa on October 7, 1901. His father, Tom, was a 250-pound six-footer who earned headlines as a star football player and later helped set headlines as a com-

positor and linotype operator for the old Ottawa *Journal*.

There were six boys and two girls in the Boucher family. Three of Frank's brothers also played in the NHL. They were George (Buck), Billy, and Bob. Buck was a defenseman who put in seventeen years in the NHL with the Ottawa Senators, Montreal Maroons, and Chicago Black Hawks. He later coached the Black Hawks and Boston Bruins. He was admitted to the Hall of Fame in 1960, the same year he died of throat cancer in Ottawa.

Billy, a forward, played seven years with the Montreal Canadiens, the Bruins, and New York Americans. While with the Canadiens he played on the same line with Howie Morenz and Aurel Joliat. Bobby, also a forward, was Billy's teammate on the Canadiens during the 1923–24 season.

The Boucher brothers played their first hockey on the family's backyard rink. "My father would flood the backyard, wait for it to freeze, and then lead us boys onto the ice for games among ourselves," Frank recalled. "We'd get arguing, my dad and George shouting at each other and waving their arms, and my mother would come running out of the house to separate them, usually with a broom."

Frank Boucher graduated from backyard skating with his brothers to pick-up games on Ottawa's Rideau River. It was there that he learned to stickhandle and developed into one of the slickest centers in the history of the NHL.

"We used to gather on the Rideau River on Saturday afternoons," he said. "No matter how many of us showed up, there would only be one game going on. As more kids arrived they'd join a side, keeping the teams even. Sometimes there would be as many as twenty kids on a side, so you had to be able to stickhandle. Every time you'd get the puck, there would be a horde of kids trying to take it away from you. You learned to manipulate that puck or you never made it."

Many of these shinny games were played in sub-

zero weather and, according to Boucher, he lost many toenails from frozen feet.

"At first you'd feel a twinge in your feet—especially when the temperature hit thirty below—and then they'd go numb. That meant they had frozen, and you'd keep right on playing because now you couldn't feel anything.

"But, oh, the pain when they thawed out! They would be dead white and as the circulation slowly returned, the pain grew excruciating. I used to rub my feet with snow because I'd been told that brought back the circulation less painfully. But it never really helped. I'd go to bed crying like a baby. A couple of days later the toenails would turn black and then they'd fall off."

Aurel Joliat grew up in the same Ottawa neighborhood with Boucher. As youngsters they used to watch the old Ottawa Senators play in what was then the National Hockey Association, forerunner of the NHL.

Boucher and Joliat, who later became a star left-winger with the Canadiens, would sit in a special section of Dey's Arena in Ottawa where the price of admission was twenty-five cents.

"Two bits was a lot of money in those days," Boucher said. "It was then my entire wages for a week. A doctor who lived near us owned a cow and he used to sell milk in the neighborhood. I delivered it in quart cans to his customers for twenty-five cents a week. That's how I got to the games."

When Boucher was thirteen, he quit school and went looking for work. It was 1914—the outset of World War I—and jobs were plentiful. Frank gained employment as an office boy with the Imperial Ministry of Munitions in Ottawa. His salary: forty dollars a month. He remained there for the four years of the war.

He was only seventeen when he joined the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and went to Regina, Saskatchewan, for special training in May of 1919. "I had never been on a horse in my life and was assigned to an Englishman who must have been the toughest

riding instructor on the force. Night after night, I went to bed half-bawling, aching and homesick. But slowly I adjusted and I became a passable horseman."

Following his basic training with the Mounties, Boucher was assigned to Lethbridge, Alberta. But he didn't wear his bright scarlet jacket too long or improve his horsemanship. He was soon promoted to a plainclothes detective and toured the country in an open-air Ford, hunting for bootleggers, narcotic smugglers, and immigrants who had entered Canada illegally.

Boucher also found time to play on amateur hockey teams in Lethbridge and Calgary. "That's when I realized I wanted to be a hockey player more than I wanted to be a Mountie," he said. "I purchased my discharge from the service for fifty dollars and signed with the Ottawa Senators."

It was October 1921 and Boucher was back in his old hometown, playing for the team he used to watch for twenty-five cents as a youngster. And though he was being paid the handsome salary of $1,400, he was still watching the Senators—from a seat on the bench.

"Those were the days of sixty-minute hockey players," he said. "A man left the ice only if he got a penalty or was injured. And I was subbing for the great Frank Nighbor, my boyhood idol."

It wasn't until mid-season that Boucher finally got a chance to play. Nighbor was unable to play in a game at Hamilton because of a heavy cold. Substitute Boucher scored three goals in his pro debut, helping Ottawa to a 5–3 victory.

"By the time we got back to Ottawa, Nighbor's cold was better and I didn't get on the ice again for four more games," Boucher said. "Altogether that season I logged just under two hours of actual playing time. But I made up for it during the next four seasons when I was the first-string center for Vancouver."

Boucher took part in two Stanley Cup finals during his first two years in Vancouver. He played against his brothers on both occasions.

"In the spring of 1923, my old Ottawa teammates came out to Vancouver, and my brother George was with them. They beat us, three games to one. A year later we went to Montreal for the Cup final and I played against two more brothers, Billy and Bobby, and my old school chum, Aurel Joliat. Their goalkeeper was a cool, black-haired customer whose name was Georges Vezina. And Joliat was playing alongside a newcomer to the league, Howie Morenz."

Billy Boucher was the hero of that 1924 series between Vancouver and the Canadiens. It was his third-period goal that earned the Canadiens a 3–2 victory in the opening game. The decisive second game was strictly a family affair. Frank scored to break a scoreless tie early in the third period, then Billy counted twice to give Montreal the game and the series.

When the Western League folded in the spring of 1926, Frank Boucher was sold to the Boston Bruins. However, he never played a game for the Bruins. Conn Smythe, who later was to become majordomo of the Toronto Maple Leafs, was then recruiting players for the newly formed New York Rangers. Smythe signed the Cook brothers as wings, Taffy Abel and Ching Johnson as defensemen, and Lorne Chabot as goaltender.

Smythe was still looking for a center when Bill Cook suggested, "Get Frank Boucher."

Smythe said, "I've had good reports on Boucher, but he's just been sold to the Bruins."

"Buy him from the Bruins," Bill Cook retorted.

Smythe did, paying the Bruins $15,000 for Boucher, a high price for a rookie at that time.

Boucher was then twenty-five years old. The first contract he signed with the Rangers was for $5,000. It is interesting to note that he lasted twenty-nine years with the club; Smythe didn't survive the Rangers' first training camp, quitting New York for Toronto. Smythe's replacement as coach was Lester Patrick, who held the job for thirteen years and remained as general manager until 1946.

The Rangers' first game was against the defending-champion Montreal Maroons in the old Madison Square Garden. The Rangers won, 1–0, on a goal by Bill Cook. And the man who was to become known as "Gentleman Frank" engaged in his only NHL fight that night.

"I remember it well," Boucher said. "The game had barely started when I tangled with Bill Phillips, a hot-tempered fellow who was as keyed up as I was. He egged me on with some rough stuff. Then we dropped our gloves and sticks and flailed at each other. Bill weighed about 160 pounds, a good fifteen pounds more than I, but I didn't lose the fight because of his weight advantage. He whacked me in the back of the noddle with his stick and I was done for the night."

Few people expected the Rangers to show much progress in their first season. But they startled the entire hockey establishment by finishing first in their division. The Boucher line was an immediate success. Bill Cook scored thirty-three goals in forty-four games and won the league scoring championship; Bun Cook added fourteen goals and Boucher had thirteen. That gave them a total of sixty for the season.

In later years the Ranger trio of Jean Ratelle, Rod Gilbert, and Vic Hadfield was hailed as the "G-A-G Line," meaning a goal a game. But the Cooks and Boucher had a better goal-scoring average in their rookie year.

The Rangers concluded their second season in the NHL by winning the Stanley Cup. Now nobody was laughing at the refugees from the West. They knocked off the mighty Montreal Maroons in a five-game series, three victories to two.

"Those nine days in 1928, from April 5 to April 14, were the greatest moments I ever experienced in hockey," Boucher said. "Most people remember our final series against the Maroons as the one in which Lester Patrick put on the pads and went in goal . . . Lester's was a magnificent episode, to be sure, but I cherish the memory of the series for different reasons.

UPI

Frank Boucher centered the famed Rangers line of the 1920s with Bill and Bun Cook.

"First of all, we had to play the entire series in the Montreal Forum because the circus had chased us out of Madison Square Garden. Secondly, this was the finest of team efforts." Maybe so, but the Rangers wouldn't have won the Cup without the clutch goal-scoring of Frank Boucher.

After Lester Patrick helped the Rangers win the second game to tie the series, Clint Benedict, the Maroons' goaltender, posted his second 2–0 shutout of the series. Now the Maroons were only one victory away from the Cup. But a goal by Boucher and the marvelous netminding of Joe Miller, who had been borrowed from the New York Americans, carried the Rangers to a 1–0 victory in the fourth game.

It all came down to the fifth game, and again Boucher was the hero. He scored both goals in the Rangers' climactic 2–1 victory.

Boucher now was being rated alongside his old idol, Frank Nighbor, and Howie Morenz as the greatest centers of their generation. Boucher emerged as the NHL's leading playmaker in 1929 and 1930. He earned those honors again in 1933 when the Rangers won their second Stanley Cup. That was the same year he was named to the NHL's first All-Star team.

In 1934 and 1935, Boucher retained his center berth on the All-Star team. Through all this success, he remained "Gentleman Frank." He never backed away from a fight—he proved that in his first NHL game—but he preferred beating an opponent with guile instead of fist.

Boucher retired as a player at the end of the 1937–38 season and turned to coaching. He put in one season of apprenticeship as coach of the New York Rovers, a Ranger affiliate in the old United States Amateur Hockey League, then returned to the parent club in 1939.

The Rangers won the Stanley Cup in the spring of 1940—Boucher's first year at the helm. It is Boucher's opinion that the 1939–40 Rangers were the greatest in the club's history. He could be right; it was also the last Ranger team to win the Cup.

Boucher made a remarkable comeback as a Ranger player during the 1943–44 season when World War II had robbed him of most of his stars. And though he was then forty-two years old, he totaled fourteen points in fifteen games.

In 1946, he was given an additional hat to wear. Lester Patrick was eased out as general manager of the Rangers; Frank Boucher became the GM-coach. The dual role proved too burdensome for Boucher. Mid-way through the 1948–49 season, Boucher surrendered the coaching job to Lester Patrick's son, Lynn.

The Rangers went through a succession of coaches over the next seven years. Lynn Patrick was followed by Neil Colville. Then Bill Cook succeeded Colville. Boucher even went back to coaching for a brief period as Cook's successor with the start of the 1953–54 season. Another Patrick son, Muzz, took over as the coach midway through the 1953–54 season.

Finally, at the end of the 1954–55 season, Frank Boucher was relieved as general manager of the Rangers. He drifted back to the minors, coaching teams in the Western League for the next four years. He served a short term as commissioner of the Saskatchewan Junior Hockey League, then retired to his farm in Ontario.

Kelly has never smoked or sipped hard liquor or used vile language. The only four-letter words he employs in anger are "hang" or "dang." Yet he has never been accused of being a sissy. His reputation must have preceded him to the NHL, for he engaged in only one fight in twenty years.

RED KELLY: LADY BYNG'S REDHEAD

The lanky teen-ager with a mop of bright red hair was easy to spot among a group of boys playing in an amateur hockey game in Toronto. Hap Day, then the coach of the Maple Leafs, watched the young carrot-top perform and wasn't impressed.

"No, he can't skate," Day said. "He isn't good enough to be a Leaf."

It turned out to be a sad day for Hap Day. The youngster he ignored as a major-league prospect back in 1944 became a Hall of Famer.

He was Leonard Patrick (Red) Kelly, the son of a tobacco farmer from Simcoe, Ontario; he played twenty seasons in the National Hockey League. During those two decades of stardom, he performed on nine pennant winners and eight Stanley Cup championship teams. He was named to the NHL All-Star squad eight times, six as a first-team selection.

It's ironic that Kelly lasted exactly twenty years as a major-league defenseman, center, and left wing. On another occasion during his amateur days he was scouted by Harold (Baldy) Cotton, who predicted Kelly wouldn't "last twenty games in the NHL."

Cotton was wrong, too.

It was the late Carson Cooper, then a scout for the Detroit Red Wings, who stole Kelly from under the noses of the Maple Leaf talent hunters. And Cooper

signed Kelly out of desperation.

Cooper, like Day and Cotton, had watched Kelly play with the St. Michael's Junior B team in Toronto. It was a strong team that also included Ed Harrison and Ed Sandford, both of whom later played with the Boston Bruins.

"I was afraid I'd lose my job if I didn't get at least one fellow off that team," Cooper said. "So I put the redhead on the Detroit [negotiation] list even though I knew he was a bad skater and felt he'd never be any better."

Red Kelly fooled them all. He became an expert skater, had few peers as a rushing defenseman (he was the first winner of the Norris Trophy as the NHL's top rearguard in 1954), and later developed into a magnificent playmaker. And, above all, he was a gentleman in a brutal sport that features blood and mayhem.

He was a four-time winner of the Lady Byng Trophy, which is awarded annually by the NHL "to the player adjudged to have exhibited the best type of sportsmanship and gentlemanly conduct combined with a high standard of playing ability."

Kelly has never smoked or sipped hard liquor or used vile language. The only four-letter words he employs in anger are "hang" or "dang." Yet he has never been accused of being a sissy. As a schoolboy, he did some boxing under the name of "Cornflakes Kelly." His reputation must have preceded him to the NHL, for he engaged in only one fight in twenty years, a high-sticking duel with Eric Nesterenko.

Tod Sloan, one of Kelly's former teammates, always admired the way Red used his 185 pounds to outslick and not outslug opponents.

Sloan said, "The fact that you knew in advance Kelly wasn't going to chop your head off with his stick didn't make him any less effective. He was so good he didn't have to rough anybody up."

Kelly totaled 281 goals and only 327 minutes in penalties during his NHL career. He once offered this

explanation for avoiding the penalty box: "Some fellows get a lot of penalties and are still effective. That's not my style. Suppose you get a penalty and the other team scores the winning goal while you're off? You're going to wish a trap door would pop open and let you drop out of sight."

Kelly was born in Simcoe on July 9, 1927. His father, Lawrence (Pete) Kelly, was an excellent skater who played amateur and semi-pro hockey in Western Ontario for many years. The elder Kelly never advanced beyond that level because he preferred the life of a farmer. Too bad. Otherwise it's quite possible the Kellys could have become the first father-and-son combination to play on the same pro team instead of Gordie Howe and sons Mark and Marty.

"My dad played hockey until he was in his late forties," Red Kelly disclosed. "When I first broke into the NHL with Detroit, he could skate faster backwards than I could frontwards. He used to tell us some great stories about his days as a player.

"One night he played under an assumed name for Eaton's, or maybe it was Simpson's, in Hamilton. He scored three goals and they offered him a job, but he decided to remain on the farm.

"I also recall one occasion when they held the train for two and one-half hours waiting for my father to come along with a bobsled full of wood. He was needed for a game against Paris [Ontario]. Another time, when the goalie failed to show up, Dad took over, wearing a fur coat instead of pads, and he did a fine job."

Red Kelly remembers his early life on the farm and a pony that belonged to his brother, Joe. "It was a white circus pony that smoked a pipe, shook hands, could open gates and bags, and went swimming with us in the old swimming hole."

The pony also served another purpose during Red's formative years. "Joe and I used to ride four miles into Port Dover on the pony to practice hockey. We rode tandem and without the aid of a saddle," Red said.

The elder Kelly had attended Toronto's St. Michael's College (actually a prep school) in his youth. Red followed in his father's footsteps. He showed up at St. Mike's when it was considered the "Notre Dame of hockey," turning out scores of boys who later starred in the NHL.

Red admits he was a poor skater when he broke in with a St. Mike's midget team. "I guess the reason for that was that we had only natural ice in Port Dover and you were lucky to get two months of good skating. When I started getting ice time my skating naturally improved. I was no gazelle when Carson Cooper put me on the Detroit negotiation list as a junior, but I had made rapid strides in two seasons.

"I played left wing at first, then Joe Primeau [the coach] moved me back to defense with the A team. In four seasons at St. Mike's I played on championship Midget and Junior B teams, an OHA champion, then a Memorial Cup championship club in my final season."

In 1947, at the age of twenty, Kelly made his big jump from St. Mike's to the NHL. The exact date of his pro debut was October 15, 1947. The Red Wings played the Black Hawks that night in Detroit's Olympia.

"I'll never forget that night," Kelly said. "Here I was, fresh from junior hockey, a kid who had dreamed of playing in the big leagues, and I had made the Red Wings in my first chance. I got plenty of action, too. Leo Reise, one of the regular defensemen, had been injured at the end of training camp, so there I was, one of four defensemen in action all the way.

"I was teamed with Bill Quackenbush during most of the game. I remember, though, that Jack Stewart would take my place when we were shorthanded. We won the game, 4–2. Jim McFadden got two of our goals. Jimmy Conacher and Bep Guidolin got the others. I got an assist on one of those goals, but I don't remember which one.

"After the game, somebody asked me how I liked playing in the big leagues and I'm supposed to have said, 'By gum, they sure hit a lot harder up here.' I don't recall that, but I wouldn't doubt it for a minute."

Kelly, like most rookies before and after him, was tested severely during his first year in Detroit. But he learned to roll with the punches—and the highsticks and the bodychecks—and played in all sixty games. In fact, he missed only four games during his first six seasons.

The Red Wings, after finishing second at the end of Kelly's rookie season, went on an unprecedented tear in the NHL; they won seven straight league titles and added four Stanley Cup championships from 1949 through 1955. Kelly contributed just as much to that streak as fellow Hall of Famers Gordie Howe, Ted Lindsay, and Terry Sawchuk.

Al Arbour recalls serving as Kelly's defensive partner on Detroit's 1954 championship team. Arbour, who later coached the St. Louis Blues and New York Islanders, said, "Red was like an extra forward. He carried the puck so well that all I did was sit back and watch and maybe cover up for him if he lost control of the puck, which was rare. He was a tremendous scoring threat for a defenseman."

The record fully supports Arbour's view. After scoring eleven goals in his first two seasons, Kelly went on a goal-scoring spree that was unheard of for defensemen of his era. By the end of his eighth season (1954–55), he had totaled 109 goals. That was four more than Eddie Shore scored in fourteen NHL seasons.

Kelly was named as a defenseman on the NHL's first All-Star team for five straight years (1951 through 1955). During that period the subject of one of hockey's fiercest debates was: "Who is the better defenseman—Red Kelly or Doug Harvey?"

It wasn't easy to choose between the two. Kelly generally got the nod by a slight margin because he was the better goalscorer. He was no slouch, though, as a defensive player. He earned a reputation as an adroit "footman" who was able to control and propel a puck with

Scotty Kilpatrick

Red Kelly (right) split his playing career between Detroit and Toronto.

his skates more proficiently than many players can with their sticks.

Arbour was frequently amazed at Kelly's clever footwork. "Red was uncanny with the puck," Arbour said. "It seemed to follow him all over the ice. He would lose it in a corner, then get it back. Somebody would check him off the puck and he would regain his balance and the puck, then make the play. It was truly uncanny."

When Frank Selke was general manager of the Montreal Canadiens he once offered these words of advice to a rookie: "The quickest way back to the minors is to keep trying to poke the puck through Red Kelly's feet. It can't be done."

During the mid-fifties, Kelly courted the red-haired daughter of a New York research engineer. Her name was Andra McLaughlin. It was a natural headline-grabbing romance involving one of hockey's superstars and a professional figure skater. The couple had met while Andra was appearing in Detroit with the Hollywood Ice Revue. They were married on July 4, 1959, in Detroit.

Seven month later, Red Kelly became involved in one of the most controversial trades in hockey history.

The wheels to the trade began to move midway through the 1959–60 season. Kelly admitted in an article printed in a Canadian magazine that he had been fined one hundred dollars for lack of effort while playing with a broken ankle during the previous season.

According to Kelly, the Red Wings had kept his injury a secret for strategic reasons. "The club announced that I had a sprain. I guess they didn't want other teams to know it [the ankle] was broken; the opposition would have taken advantage of it. I didn't figure it was up to me to say anything about it, though I must admit I was surprised when I was fined a hundred dollars."

He got a bigger surprise on February 4, 1960. The

Red Wings announced they had completed a deal with the New York Rangers. It was a four-player trade—Bill Gadsby and Eddie Shack of the Rangers for Kelly and Billy McNeill. Kelly, who was thirty-two at the time and in his thirteenth season with Detroit, and McNeill both announced they would retire before going to New York. That nullified the deal.

A week later, the Red Wings relented. Rather than lose two players via retirement, they agreed to ship Kelly to the Maple Leafs for Marc Reaume, a reserve defenseman. It was a bad deal for the Red Wings. Reaume played forty-seven games for Detroit and faded into obscurity. Kelly played 549 games for the Maple Leafs and helped them win four Stanley Cup championships.

Punch Imlach was coach of the Maple Leafs when Kelly was acquired. Asked where he planned to play Kelly, Imlach answered, "Everywhere." There used to be a theory in hockey that a good forward could be converted into a defenseman in his declining years. Kelly went the other way. Imlach put him at center, where he was an instant success.

The position wasn't that strange to Kelly. He had played up front on occasions with Detroit. Once the switch became permanent, Red enjoyed it. So did the wingers who played on the same line with him. One such winger was Frank Mahovlich.

The first full season Mahovlich played on the same line with Kelly (1960–61), the Big M scored forty-eight goals. That was thirty more than he had scored the previous year. The following season, with Kelly centering for Mahovlich and Bob Nevin, the Maple Leafs won their first of three straight Stanley Cup championships.

Asked once about his transition from defense to center, Kelly said, "As a defenseman my rushes and shots on goal were limited. I couldn't afford to take the time to finish off a play. There was always the thought that I could get trapped out of position. I don't have those worries as a center and I find it a pleasant change."

It was during his hockey "rebirth" with the Leafs that Kelly indulged in another career—politics. He consented to run as a candidate for the Canadian parliament and campaigned as a Liberal in a metropolitan Toronto area that had been Conservative for forty years. He won. Not once but twice. He served two terms in Ottawa, mixing hockey and politics until it got to be too much for him and he bowed out of the political arena in 1965.

His career as a hockey player ended two years later, in the spring of 1967. He had just helped the Leafs to their fourth Stanley Cup title in six years. "I'm going out a winner . . . that's the way I want it," he said. "Now I'd like to take a crack at coaching."

He got his wish when Jack Kent Cooke hired him to coach the Los Angeles Kings. Kelly directed the Kings into the NHL playoffs in the first two years of their existence, then grew tired of Cooke's meddling and wound up in Pittsburgh in 1969.

Under Kelly's driving leadership, the Penguins made the playoffs for the first time in 1970; Red was named the NHL's Coach of the Year. Midway through the 1972–73 season, he was released as the Penguins' coach and retired to his farm in Ontario. Kelly's retirement lasted only until the start of the 1973–74 season when he signed a four-year contract as coach of the Maple Leafs.

It provided one more ironic twist in the life of Red Kelly. He was back coaching a team that nearly three decades earlier had figuratively chased him out of town. That was in 1944, when Hap Day said the kid with the mop of bright-red hair "isn't good enough to be a Leaf."

"His wrist shot was tremendous. He once blasted a puck through the boards at Maple Leaf Gardens. And he could score from anywhere—out near the blue line or in close to the net. Mechanically speaking, he was the best hockey player I ever saw."

CHARLIE CONACHER: BIG BEN'S BOYS

If the life of Charles William Conacher was ever presented as a movie scenario it's a good bet it would be rejected by most producers. "Too far-fetched," they would say. "Reads like pure fiction."

But there was nothing fictitious about Charlie Conacher—or his rise from the slums of Toronto to stardom in the National Hockey League and eventually to millionaire status in the business world.

This self-made man was a member of a famous family of athletes. His older brother, Lionel, was an outstanding defenseman in the NHL for twelve years and also starred in lacrosse, football, baseball, and boxing (he once went three rounds with Jack Dempsey). Younger brother Roy was a scoring champion and All-Star left wing with the Chicago Black Hawks.

It was Charlie, though, who left the family's biggest imprint on the frozen surfaces of the NHL.

In twelve seasons as a right-winger with Toronto, Detroit and the old New York Americans, he scored 225 goals. He had thirty or more goals in four of those seasons; he passed the twenty-goal mark six times. He also won the league scoring title twice and was a member of five All-Star teams.

Conacher achieved this success before the introduction of the center red line, which opened up the game, and despite various physical ailments and defects,

including the removal of a kidney as a result of a teenage hockey accident.

Charlie Conacher was born in Toronto on December 10, 1909. His father, a teamster known affectionately as "Big Ben," found it extremely difficult to provide for ten children on his salary of twenty dollars a week.

"We lived in one of Toronto's high-class slums," Charlie once confided. "We didn't have a pretzel. Hell, we didn't have enough money to buy a tube of toothpaste."

Red Burnett, a long-time hockey writer with the Toronto *Star,* grew up in the same neighborhood with the Conachers. He recalls a day in the summer of 1926 when he and Charlie were sitting on a lawn in downtown Toronto, watching traffic wheel up and down Bay Street.

A shiny Hudson pulled up to the curb, the driver honked the horn, stuck his head out the window, and yelled, "Hey, Charlie." It was Lionel Conacher, who had just returned from his rookie season with the old Pittsburgh club of the NHL.

According to Burnett, Charlie Conacher stood on the sidewalk admiring his brother's car for several minutes. Then, as Lionel Conacher drove off, Charlie hitched up his patched trousers and said, "One of these days I'll be playing in the National Hockey League and my car will be bigger and better than Lionel's."

Three years later, at the age of nineteen, Charlie Conacher made the big jump from the Toronto Marlboros, a junior amateur team, to the Toronto Maple Leafs.

Frank J. Selke was then the general manager of the Maple Leafs. "Charlie was poor all right," Selke said. "When he reported to us he was wearing a pair of trousers and a windbreaker. It was probably the best clothes he owned. And somebody stole his windbreaker the following day."

It didn't take Conacher long to steal the hearts of the Maple Leaf fans. He scored a goal in the first five minutes of his NHL debut against the Chicago Black

Hawks, then added two more goals in his second game. He finished his rookie season with twenty goals, sixteen more than Lionel scored.

Charlie Conacher's linemates when he broke in with the Leafs were center Joe Primeau and left-wing Harold (Baldy) Cotton. In December of 1929, the Leafs called up eighteen-year-old Harvey (Busher) Jackson from the Marlboros and inserted him as left wing on the Primeau line.

That was the birth of the "Kid Line," one of the most prolific scoring units in the history of the NHL. Conacher, Jackson, and Primeau played together for seven years; all three made it into the Hall of Fame. Primeau was the playmaker and his two sidekicks were the finishers.

Which one was Selke's favorite? That's easy. "Charlie was my boy," he said. "He had everything. To begin with, his wrist shot was tremendous. He once blasted a puck through the boards at Maple Leaf Gardens. And he could score from anywhere—out near the blue line or in close to the net. I still maintain that, mechanically speaking, he was the best hockey player I ever saw."

Dick Irvin, who coached the Leafs when the "Kid Line" was riding high, was surrounded by All-Stars on his 1932 Stanley Cup team. "King Clancy and Syl Apps were great because they could rally a team," Irvin said. "But Charlie Conacher was the guy who could score the big goal for you, and he could score in a lot of different ways."

Sometimes Conacher would fake the booming long shot to confuse the defense and then roll in on goal. That's when he had the goaltenders at his mercy. "Charlie would use a shoulder or head fake, get the goaltender moving the wrong way, and then beat him cleanly," Baldy Cotton said. "It was something to watch him mesmerize the goalies."

Andy Aitkenhead, a goaltender for the New York Rangers in the early thirties, once confided to a newspaperman that Conacher's shot wasn't all that dan-

gerous, that a few other guys in the league fired the puck harder.

The next time the Rangers played the Maple Leafs, Conacher drove Aitkenhead into the back of the net with his first shot. The story goes that Charlie looked at the prostrate goalkeeper and roared: "Now tell me who was the fastest shot in the NHL." Irvin used to compare the Leafs with the "Gashouse Gang" of the St. Louis Cardinals, winners of the 1934 World Series. "They horsed around a lot, just like the Cardinals, and would pull pranks on each other," Irvin said.

The biggest prankster on a team of pranksters was Charlie Conacher. And King Clancy was Conacher's favorite victim. One story that Irvin loved to tell involved an incident before a game against the Bruins in Boston.

"We were staying at the Boston Athletic Club and it came time to go to the rink," Irvin said. "I was on my way to the elevator when I heard moaning. I located the room where it was coming from. The door was unlocked and I pushed it open. Clancy was lying on the bed, bound hand and foot by the bed sheets. A towel was stuffed in his mouth.

"Clancy told me Conacher and Baldy Cotton were responsible. I was mad because I thought if I hadn't happened to walk by the room Clancy would have missed the game. It wasn't until after we had won the game that I could laugh about it with the rest of them."

On another occasion, Conacher "borrowed" several venison steaks from a freezer in Maple Leaf Gardens. They had been placed there by Busher Jackson. Conacher arranged for the steaks to be cooked at a Toronto tavern and invited Jackson to the feast.

At the conclusion of the meal, Conacher asked Jackson how he had enjoyed the meal.

"Good, but I'll bet the venison I have stashed away at the Gardens will taste better," Jackson said.

"That was the venison you had stashed away at the Gardens," Conacher replied, howling with glee.

Conacher's most famous prank, though, involved Baldy Cotton, his roommate for seven years. But maybe it wasn't a prank. To this day, Cotton isn't sure.

"We were in New York and staying at the Manhattan Hotel," Cotton said. "Charlie and I got into an argument in our room. I got teed off at him and said, 'I'm never going to pass the puck to you again.' With that Charlie picked me up by the waist, tipped me over, and hung me out the open window.

"I can't remember what floor we were on, but it was pretty high and I could never stand heights anyway. Well, I yelled so hard I'll bet they could hear me all the way to the Battery."

Did he ever pass the puck to Conacher again?

Baldy Cotton laughed at the memory. "You bet your boots I did."

Though he often had fun at the expense of Clancy and Cotton, Charlie Conacher was always there to protect them when they got into a fight.

Cotton told of a bout he had with Ralph Bowman, a defenseman for the old St. Louis Eagles, in 1934. "We were going at it pretty good, but I must have been losing because in the middle of the fight a punch sailed over my shoulder and suddenly Bowman was flat on the ice. Everybody thought I threw the punch, but it was Charlie. He was always behind us, helping out."

Clancy, who never won a fight on the ice, received the same protection from Conacher. Charlie would skate up to where Clancy was in trouble, usually on the bottom of the heap. He would flatten Clancy's opponent, place King tenderly on top of the foe, and say, "Now stay there."

Charlie Conacher's tremendous physique and strength was enough to intimidate most players. He packed 210 pounds on a six-foot, one-inch frame—the perfect build for a heavyweight fighter. His strength, Baldy Cotton feels, was inherited from his father.

"Big Ben was a powerful man," Cotton related. "Charlie once told me a story to prove how strong his dad was. Old Ben had parked his horse-drawn dray

UPI

Charlie Conacher led the NHL in scoring twice and made the All-Star team five times.

outside a Toronto tavern. The dray was loaded with bags of salt. Somebody in the tavern bet Ben Conacher five dollars he couldn't hoist the wheels of the loaded dray off the pavement.

"According to Charlie, his dad marched out of the tavern, climbed under the dray, and lifted it high enough to spin both wheels."

Ben Conacher's sons never attempted a show of strength to match that, but Charlie frequently left rivals marveling at his physique. One of those rivals was Frank Boucher of the New York Rangers.

"Charlie was big all right, but he was one of the cleanest players around," Boucher said. "He never went out of his way to hurt anybody. He could have, of course. My God, he was big enough to murder most players.

"The thing I remember most about Charlie was his wrist shot. It was frightening. In later years they talked about Boom Boom Geoffrion's shot and Bobby Hull's shot, but Charlie Conacher's was every bit as good."

Whenever people complimented Conacher on the velocity of his shot, he would shrug and say, "If I developed the hardest shot in hockey, as they say, then I did it the hard way."

Not too many things came easy to Charlie Conacher. During his youth he was spindly legged and a poor skater. When Lionel, eight years older, made it big in the NHL, Charlie worked hard on his skating. Pride was involved here. "I skated and skated until I thought my legs would drop off," he said.

A succession of injuries finally took their toll, reduced Conacher's shot from a cannon to a pop gun, and forced the Maple Leafs to trade him to Detroit in 1938. He spent only one season with the Red Wings, played the next two years with the New York Americans, and then retired in 1941 at the age of thirty-two.

He returned to the NHL as coach of the Black Hawks midway through the 1947–48 season. The Black Hawks then were perennial basement-dwellers. They lacked discipline and were poorly conditioned.

Conacher set out to correct those shortcomings. Again it wasn't easy.

Emile Francis remembers the Hawks' training camp at North Bay, Ontario, before the start of the 1948–49 season. "It was a tough camp," said the coach-general manager of the Rangers who was then a goaltender with the Black Hawks. "Charlie put us through a lot of calisthenics and had us running laps around a baseball field. Most of the guys were dead on their feet by the second day.

"Sunday rolled around and a lot of the players were fed up with Charlie's concentration camp. After practice they picked up their golf clubs and headed for a nearby golf course. I had been hit in the mouth by a puck at practice so I stayed behind. So did Bud Poile. The whole team was supposed to eat dinner together at our hotel at five-thirty. When Bud and I got to the dining room only Charlie and Bill Tobin, the owner of the club, were there.

"Charlie said, 'Where's the rest of the players?'

"I said, 'Damned if I know.'

"Charlie was fuming. We finished dinner, then Bud and I took a cab out to the golf course. I figured I'd find the other guys there. Sure enough, they were in the clubhouse having a party. Bud and I hung around for a while and then headed back—just before our 11:00 P.M. curfew.

"Who do you suppose is sitting in the lobby with a pencil and pad? Nobody else but Charlie. As each guy waddles in after curfew he scribbles down the player's name and the time. At practice the next morning he takes out this sheet of paper and announces, 'The following players are fined $200 each for missing curfew last night.'

"One of the guys on the list was Bill Mosienko, our best scorer. Now Bill was so cheap he wouldn't pay a dime to see the Statue of Liberty urinate. He's mad as hell about the fine. He wants to know why Charlie is picking on him.

"Charlie says, 'Because you checked in at 11:48 last night.'

"Mosienko stammers a little bit and says, 'But I didn't think the curfew was in effect on Sunday nights.'

"Charlie smirks and says, 'That's no excuse. You pay, too, Bill.'

"Yes, Charlie was pretty tough, but I liked the man. He took over a club that considered backchecking a dirty word. And although he wasn't a great backchecker as a player, that's what he stressed as a coach. He also was very fair, treating rookies and veterans alike. I mean he was tough on everybody."

Other Chicago players weren't quite as fond of Conacher. During Charlie's second full season as the Hawks' boss, word reached Lew Walter, a reporter for the Detroit *Times*, that dissension was wrecking the Hawks. Walter wrote a story about the reported rebellion.

On the Hawks' next visit to Detroit, they were whipped by the Red Wings, 9–2. When Walter entered the dressing room after the game, he and Conacher exchanged words, then Conacher punched the reporter in the face. Walter filed an assault charge against Conacher, who later issued a formal apology.

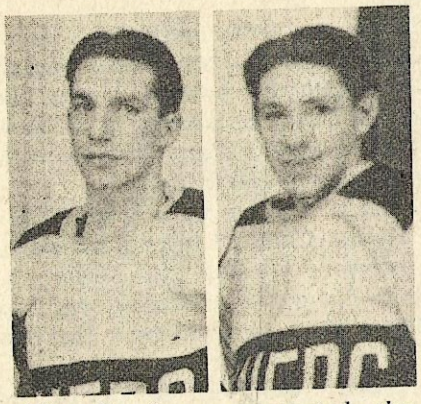
In his statement, Conacher said, "I sincerely regret the incident. It was a bad night for the Black Hawks and for me personally. I was upset . . . due to the terrible beating the Red Wings gave us . . . ."

Walter accepted the apology and said, "Charlie Conacher may have lost his temper, but he hasn't lost his punch."

When the Black Hawks finished last again at the end of the 1949–50 season, Conacher stepped down as coach, severing all ties with hockey. He had flopped as a coach, perhaps because he was too tough. He then became an astute businessman, investing his money in some lucrative real-estate deals and in oil-field developments in Western Canada.

Charlie Conacher was a millionaire when he died of cancer on December 30, 1967. He was fifty-eight.

The son of "Big Ben" Conacher had come a long way from the slums of Toronto to his place among the greats of hockey.



The Bentleys represented the "First Family" of hockey in Western Canada. It was a large family, six boys and seven girls. They all played hockey, including the girls, under the direction of their father, William, who was known affectionately as "The Boss."

DOUG AND MAX BENTLEY: DIPSY DOODLE DANDIES

They skated out of the little town of Delisle in the wheat-growing province of Saskatchewan and wound up playing alongside each other on the Chicago Black Hawks. Sportswriters with a penchant for alliteration called them the "Dipsy-Doodle Dandies from Delisle." It was an apt nickname.

Doug and Max Bentley thrilled many National Hockey League fans with their dipsy-doodle style of skating in the forties, and they were truly dandies with the puck.

Nobody could stickhandle in and around opponents like the brothers Bentley. And during those days when they were linemates with the Black Hawks, they represented double trouble. Stop one and the other got loose—darting and weaving across the blue line and skating off bodychecks until he finally got close enough to shoot the puck.

At the end of many of those rushes, the rival goaltender would retrieve the puck from the back of the net and swear. One of the Bentleys had scored another goal.

It happened 464 times in the NHL—from 1939 when Doug broke in with the Black Hawks until 1954 when both Bentleys ended their big-league careers with the New York Rangers, Together, they totaled 1,087 points.

Max, a center throughout his entire twelve-year career in the NHL, scored 245 goals. Doug, who played left wing and center, had 219 goals in thirteen NHL seasons. They almost finished in a dead heat for total points. Max totaled 544, edging his older brother by a single point.

The most remarkable aspect of both careers is that the Bentleys skated all the way to the Hall of Fame on bodies that would be considered puny by today's standards. Doug was only five feet, eight inches, and never weighed more than 145 pounds; Max was a half inch taller, five pounds heavier.

They compensated for their lack of heft with guile and cunning and tremendous wrist shots. Conn Smythe of the Toronto Maple Leafs once called Max "the greatest pointman on a power play that the game has ever seen." To Johnny Gottselig, the ex-Black Hawks' coach, "Max was the Willie Hoppe of hockey."

Emile Francis was a rookie goaltender for the Black Hawks in 1946–47 when the Bentleys were riding high on a "Pony Line" with right-wing Bill Mosienko. "It was one of the fastest, shiftiest lines in history," said the boss of the New York Rangers. "All three were small, real ponies, but how they could skate and throw the puck around.

"Doug was the most aggressive of the three. He'd go into the corners and take a check and come out with the puck. And what a puck-handler he was. He controlled it like it was on a string."

Francis noted there was a similarity in the way the Bentleys played hockey, but they had sharply divergent personalities. "Max was a little moody and a hypochondriac," he said. "Doug was more outgoing, friendlier, and he did most of the talking for the two."

The Bentleys represented the "First Family" of hockey in Western Canada. It was a large family, six boys and seven girls. They all played hockey, including the girls, under the direction of their father, William, who was known affectionately as "The Boss."

During his salad days, "The Boss" was a speed-

skater. When he pioneered in Delisle, then a community of five hundred, he coached hockey and baseball teams, sponsored a local arena, and became a long-time mayor.

Doug was born on September 13, 1916, Max on March 1, 1920. The other brothers were Red, Roy, Scoop, and Jack. At one time, five played on the same amateur team coached by their father. When "The Boss" was asked who played goal, he boasted, "Those five are so good they don't need a goaltender."

Meanwhile, the seven sisters formed a team and played against other girls' teams in the area. The story is told that in later years, after Max and Doug had become NHL stars, an NHL coach said to Max, "If there are any more at home like you and Doug, I wish you'd send them to us."

Max gleefully responded, "It's too bad all our seven sisters are married and settled . . . they were pretty good hockey players, too."

Doug was twenty-three years old when he became the first Bentley to crack the NHL in 1939. He had flunked earlier tryouts with three other NHL clubs; they turned him down because of his frail appearance.

The first rejection occurred in the camp of the Toronto Maple Leafs. Then Doug headed for the Boston Bruins' camp. This time he brought along Max. Art Ross, the Bruins' boss at the time, was so unimpressed with the Bentleys that he threatened to fire the scouts who had recommended them.

Next stop for the Bentleys: Montreal. Max looked so sickly that Cecil Hart, the Canadiens' manager, suggested an immediate physical examination. The verdict of the Montreal specialist was alarming. He said, "This young man has a serious heart condition. My advice is that he should go home and never play hockey. If he doesn't take things easy he won't last a year."

The saddened brothers returned to Delisle. Doug decided to rejoin the Drumheller Miners team in Alberta. Max remained at home to rest and brood. Finally, he decided to take a physical risk and give hockey

another whirl. He joined Doug and three other brothers on the Drumheller team.

While the Bentleys played together, Max's fears lessened. During that 1938–39 season, against good competition, Max and Doug each totaled fifty-three scoring points. Now all of Western Canada was talking about the Bentley boys.

In the fall of 1939, Doug showed up in the Black Hawks' camp—alone. Bill Tobin, then the Hawks' general manager, got one look at Doug and murmured, "He's the first walking ghost I have ever seen."

This time, though, Doug's great hockey talent overcame Tobin's first impression. Doug was signed to his first pro contract and Tobin even threw in a small bonus. Doug totaled twelve goals and seven assists during his rookie season of 1939–40.

Once Doug had won a job with the Hawks, he confronted Tobin and said, "If you think I'm good, you should see my brother. Max is twice as good as I am."

Shortly after the start of the 1940–41 season, Tobin wired Max, instructing him to fly east for an immediate trial with the Black Hawks. Max became airsick on the plane and when he arrived in Detroit, where the Hawks were playing, Tobin thought he was seeing another ghost. Max remained with the club, though, and scored seven goals, one less than Doug, who was having troubles of his own.

Tobin decided Max needed more experience and assigned him to the Hawks' farm team in Kansas City early in the 1941–42 season. Max, then twenty-one, rebelled. "I won't go," he said. "I'll quit hockey and go back to Delisle." While in the depths of his own depression, Max received a telephone call from Johnny Gottselig, then the Kansas City coach.

Gottselig said, "You come down here, Max, and I'll look after you like a father. You can live with me and use my car. I'll make sure you're never lonely. Take my advice, Max. You're going to be a star and I can help you."

That evening, Max Bentley caught a train, not for Delisle, but for Kansas City.

Under Gottselig's care and guidance, Max quickly found himself; his confidence was so restored that he scored six goals and five assists during his first week with Kansas City. Then one night Gottselig shocked Max when he said, "Well, you're through in Kansas City." Before the player could catch his breath, the coach added, "The Hawks have run into injuries. They've asked for my best replacement and I've recommended you. They want you right away."

Max stepped into a regular job at center and was placed on the same line with Doug.

The 1942–43 season marked the emergence of the Bentleys as full-fledged stars. Doug totaled thirty-three goals and seventy-three points to win his first NHL scoring title; Max finished third in scoring with twenty-six goals and seventy points and was awarded the Lady Byng Trophy.

During that same season, the Black Hawks became the first NHL team with three brothers wearing the same uniform. Reg Bentley played right wing on a line with Max and Doug. But after scoring only one goal in eleven games, Reg wound up back in the minors.

The following season, Doug was the league's top goal-getter with thirty-eight in fifty games and finished second behind Boston's Herbie Cain in the scoring race. By this time, Max was serving with the Canadian Armed Forces. World War II caused both brothers to miss the 1944–45 season.

It was after the war that the "Pony Line" really rode herd on the rest of the league. Max Bentley reached a career high of thirty-one goals in forty-seven games during the 1945–46 season and won the scoring championship with sixty-one points. And though the Black Hawks finished third and were wiped out by the Canadiens in the opening round of the playoffs, Max was named winner of the Hart Trophy as the NHL's Most Valuable Player.

The "Pony Line" totaled seventy-five goals the fol-

lowing season. Max had twenty-nine and won his second straight scoring title, edging Montreal's Rocket Richard by a point. Mosienko had twenty-five goals and Doug Bentley added twenty-one.

Emile Francis will never forget the final game of the regular season in 1947. He was the Black Hawks' goaltender and faced the Rangers that night. The opposing goaltender was Chuck Rayner.

"Max went into that game trailing Richard by a point in the scoring race," Francis recalled. "Before the game, Max was shooting the breeze with Rayner in a corridor of the old Garden and Chuck told Max to "shoot high on the glove side" whenever he got a chance.

"Now Max didn't know if Chuck was conning him or not, but every time he got off a shot he aimed high. Chuck kept plucking them off like a first baseman. At the end of the second period, Doug Bentley took Max aside and gave him hell. 'Forget that damn Rayner,' Doug said. 'Keep your shots low, Max.'

"Early in the third period, we got word that Richard had failed to score a point in his final game. Max got an assist on one goal and now he was tied with the Rocket.

"Meanwhile, we were having a wild game with the Rangers. The score was tied at 7–7 with a few minutes left when Max got the puck behind the net and started up ice. He stickhandled his way through the whole Ranger team and moved in alone on Rayner.

"Max used a couple of head fakes, Chuck went to the ice, and Max beat him low on the short side. It won the game for us and gave Max his second straight scoring championship.

"Whenever I look back on that night, I figure that was one of the greatest goals Max ever scored."

By now, rivals had grown tired of trying to stop the Bentleys. It remained for Bill Tobin to break them up early in the 1947–48 season. The Black Hawks' owner traded Max and rookie forward Cy Thomas to Toronto for five players. Thomas never amounted

to anything; he appeared in only fourteen NHL games. So, in effect, this was a five-one trade.

In return for Max Bentley, the Black Hawks received an entire forward line of Bud Poile, Gus Bodnar, and Gaye Stewart—who had finished second behind Max in the scoring race eighteen months earlier. Toronto also threw in two capable defensemen, Ernie Dickens and Bob Goldham.

The Maple Leafs surrendered all that talent because they needed a center to back up Ted Kennedy and the aging Syl Apps. They also wanted Max Bentley as a point man on their power play.

Max joined his new team on November 4, 1947. Back home in Delisle, William Bentley disapproved of the trade. "If I were they, I wouldn't have broken up the boys," said "The Boss." He added, "After five years in the NHL, Doug and Max knew exactly what the other was going to do, almost what the other was thinking."

Although he wasn't happy about leaving Chicago, Max paid a quick dividend on the Maple Leafs' investment. He helped spark them to the Stanley Cup championship that season and again in 1949 and for a third time in 1951.

Doug Bentley had considered retiring when his brother left his side. Then he changed his mind. "I feel I've got at least one more season left in the league," he said. He lasted four more.

Doug didn't appear to miss Max at first. The Hawks moved him to center on a line with Mosienko and left wing Roy Conacher. Doug put in two more twenty-goal seasons, tailed off to nine during the 1950–51 season, then quit the Hawks early the next season to become coach of Saskatoon in the Western League.

When Max's goal output dropped from twenty-four in 1952 to twelve in 1953, the Maple Leafs peddled him to the Rangers. And it was during that 1953–54 season that the Bentleys co-authored the final chapter to their NHL careers.

The Rangers were battling the Boston Bruins for

UPI

Bentley, Bentley, Bentley, Bentley and Bentley—Hall of Famers Max and Doug Bentley (first two from right) pose with brothers Reg, Scoop, and Roy when all were teammates on the Drumheller, Alberta, Miners.

fourth place—and a playoff spot—when coach Muzz Patrick and general manager Frank Boucher talked Doug Bentley into a comeback. Doug left Saskatoon, where the temperature was forty below, and arrived in New York, where the temperature was forty above, on January 19, 1954.

The following night, Doug was reunited on a line with Max for a game against the Bruins. It was the first time the brothers had played together in the NHL since 1947. The game had an added fillip: Muzz Patrick was coaching the Rangers for the first time against the Bruins, coached by brother Lynn.

It turned out to be a great night for the Bentleys and for Muzz Patrick. Although Doug had been out of the NHL for more than two years and now was thirty-seven years old, he scored a goal and three assists. Max, then thirty-three, had two goals and two assists. That gave the Bentleys eight points and the Rangers an 8–3 victory over the Bruins.

Following the game, reporters gathered around the Bentleys in the Ranger dressing room. Doug admitted the sudden change in temperature had affected him. "I'm wringing wet from sweating and I feel completely bushed," he said.

Max Bentley glanced at his brother and said, "He was just wonderful, wasn't he? He told me he was in good shape—but I didn't think he would be that good." Then Max started weeping. Doug noticed this and said, "Max is crying for happiness. He's tickled because we finally played together again . . . and so am I."

Doug was supposed to remain with the Rangers only for three games and then resume his job as player-coach at Saskatoon. But he stayed in New York for the remainder of the season. The Rangers failed to provide a happy ending to the story, winding up fifth and out of the playoffs.

At the start of the 1954–55 season, Doug was back with Saskatoon as player-coach. Max quit New York and the NHL to join his brother. When asked why he chose to play minor-league hockey, Max said, "With

Doug at the head of things, I couldn't let him down."

Recurrent back problems caused Max to quit for good on November 15, 1955. Doug retired as a player two months later, but continued to coach in the minors. In 1962, at the age of forty-five, he made a brief comeback as a player with the Los Angeles Blades of the Western League. He died in 1973.

That left Max Bentley to carry on alone for the "Dipsy Doodle Dandies of Delisle." He had always dreamed of becoming an NHL coach, but he never made it. The hockey establishment had forgotten him.

FUTURE HALL OF FAMERS

A reporter once asked Bobby Orr if he thought he would be voted into the Hall of Fame the moment he retired—instead of sweating out the normal three-year waiting period.

It was a stupid question which Orr politely dismissed with a blank stare and a shrug of his broad shoulders.

Bobby Orr was a potential Hall of Famer from the time he turned pro with the Boston Bruins in 1966. And he has done nothing to weaken his candidacy in subsequent years. If he isn't ushered into the Hall of Fame at the time of his retirement, then it doesn't snow in Minneapolis in the winter time.

Consider his achievements over his first seven years with the Bruins:

When he skated off with the James Norris Memorial Trophy as the National Hockey League's outstanding defenseman in 1973, he became the first player to win the same individual award six straight years.

At the end of that same 1972–73 season, he established another record for a defenseman when he was named to the NHL's first All-Star team for the sixth successive year.

He was the first defenseman to crack the one-hundred-point mark and the first defenseman to win the NHL scoring title—accomplishing both feats during the 1969–70 season. He also won his first of three

straight Hart Trophies that spring as the league's Most Valuable Player.

The condition of Orr's knees (they required surgery three times in his first four years with Boston) will determine his length of service. But regardless of what lies ahead for Bobby Orr, he already has earned occupancy in the Hall of Fame.

So has his sidekick, Phil Esposito. The Bruins' center has been setting scoring records in recent years that boggle the mind. During his first ten years in the league he totaled 398 goals—an average of almost forty per season. He won the scoring championship four times in five years (1969 through 1973), registering record totals of seventy-six goals and 152 points during the 1970–71 season.

If Phil Esposito doesn't win entry into the Hall of Fame the moment he retires, then it doesn't rain in Indianapolis in the summer time.

Looking to the near future, there are a number of players approaching the end of the trail with outstanding qualifications for the Hall of Fame. They include:

Tim Horton—the stocky defenseman was pushing forty-three when he came out of retirement for the fourth time to rejoin the Buffalo Sabres at the start of the 1973–74 season. It was his twenty-third consecutive season in the NHL, yet he remained a perfect specimen and a perfect defenseman. He was killed in an auto accident in 1974.

Henri Richard—the younger brother of Hall of Famer Rocket Richard served his twentieth straight season as a center with the Montreal Canadiens in 1974–75. Despite his advancing years (thirty-eight), he was one of the league's fastest skaters.

Frank Mahovlich—the husky left wing had totaled 533 goals during eighteen years in the NHL. And he's still going strong. He was a first team All-Star selection at the end of the 1972–73 season and sparked the Canadiens to the Stanley Cup championship. He jumped to the WHA in 1974.

UPI

Bobby Hull, superstar of the sixties with the Chicago Black Hawks who jumped to the WHA, is certain to make the Hall of Fame.

John Bucyk—was a fifty-one-goal scorer at the age of thirty-five in 1970–71. The cigar-smoking left wing had 466 goals to his credit at the start of the 1974–75 campaign—his twentieth in the NHL and his eighteenth straight with the Bruins.

Norm Ullman—a tireless center, he belied his age (thirty-eight) by getting off to a dandy start in his twentieth NHL season, his seventh with the Maple Leafs. He had 481 goals at the beginning of the 1974–75 campaign.

Bobby Hull—the one-time "Blond Bomber" didn't act his age (thirty-four) when he became a fifty-goal scorer for a record fifth time during the 1972–73 season. That was the year he shocked the NHL establishment by jumping the Black Hawks to become player-coach of the Winnipeg Jets of the World Hockey Association. He cracked the 50-goal barrier again in 1973–74. During his fifteen seasons with the Hawks he totaled 604 goals—second behind Gordie Howe's 786—and won three NHL scoring championships.

Harry Howell—another NHL defector, the graying defenseman joined New York of the WHA at the start of the 1973–74 season. He was then forty-three years old. Howell played the first seventeen of his twenty-one NHL seasons with the Rangers. He won the Norris Trophy as the NHL's outstanding defenseman in 1967.

Stan Mikita—a four-time scoring champion and still a dangerous shooter, especially in front of the net. The Black Hawks' center cracked the 400-goal mark in 1973—his fourteenth full season with the club.

Dean Prentice—he was nearing the 400-goal barrier when he retired at the end of the 1973–74 season—his twenty-second in the NHL. The previous season he scored twenty-six goals at age forty for the Minnesota North Stars. Dean broke into the NHL with the New York Rangers in 1952.

Gump Worsley—his longevity alone makes Gump a remarkable candidate. The 1973–74 season was his twenty-second in the NHL; he was pushing forty-five, the oldest player in the league. However, the rotund

goaltender had other impressive credentials. He played on four Stanley Cup winners, all with Montreal, and twice shared the Vezina Trophy. Gump ranks third among goaltenders in games played (behind Terry Sawchuk and Glenn Hall.)

Roger Crozier—another goaltender with good qualifications. He broke into pro hockey with Buffalo of the American League in 1960 and returned in 1970 when that city was granted an NHL franchise. Though hampered by recurrent attacks of pancreatitis, he helped the Sabres gain the playoffs in the third year of their existence by posting a neat 2.76 goals-allowed average.

Plante—hockey's most innovative goaltender—played 837 games during his NHL career, which began with the Canadiens in 1953 and ended twenty years later with the Bruins. In between, he also blocked shots for the Rangers, the Maple Leafs, and the St. Louis Blues. He won the Vezina Trophy six times, including five straight years from 1956 through 1960, and shared it once. He played on six Stanley Cup winners, all with the Canadiens.

But Plante will be remembered most as the goaltender who introduced the mask to modern hockey. There were a handful of goalies who used various types of facial protectors during hockey's infancy. Most proved to be inferior. Plante designed his own model and used it for the first time in a game against the Rangers in 1959.

When other goaltenders indicated an interest in protecting their faces, Plante was delighted. The boom was on and Plante soon involved himself in the manufacture of masks, perfecting them from year to year.

He also continued to play—off and on. He made a remarkable comeback with the Blues in 1968 after sitting out three seasons. In 1971, at the age of forty-two, he led the NHL with a 1.88 goals-allowed average while playing for the Maple Leafs.

He completed his NHL career with a 2.37 average and ninety-six shutouts, including a record fourteen in

Dick Raphael

Many consider the Boston Bruins' Bobby Orr the finest defenseman in history.

playoff games, then became coach of the Quebec team in the World Hockey Association. He made another comeback with Edmonton of the WHA in 1974–75.

Among the recent retirees, how can Alex Delvecchio and Glenn Hall fail to gain election to the Hall?

Delvecchio was serving his twenty-third season as a center with the Red Wings when Ted Garvin was dismissed as coach after twelve games of the 1973–74 season. Delvecchio finally was persuaded to hang up his skates and went behind the Detroit bench as Garvin's successor.

Although Delvecchio, then approaching his forty-second birthday, had no previous coaching experience, he helped lift the Red Wings out of the Eastern Division basement. He did it by displaying the same leadership qualities he had shown as team captain for twelve years.

Delvecchio, nicknamed "Fats," totaled 456 goals during his long, distinguished career. He was a twenty-plus scorer for thirteen seasons—playing most of those seasons on the same line with Gordie Howe—and enjoyed his most productive year in 1965–66 when he bagged thirty-one goals. He played on three Stanley Cup winners.

Hall retired in 1971 after sixteen seasons of goaltending in the NHL, so he is eligible for membership in the Hall of Fame. He spent his first three seasons with the Red Wings (1954–57), played the next ten years with the Black Hawks, then was plucked by St. Louis in the 1967 expansion draft.

At the end of each season with the Blues he threatened to quit, claiming he had to paint his barn on a farm in Saskatchewan. He finally made his retirement stick at the end of the 1970–71 season.

Hall left behind a respectable record. He totaled 906 NHL games, had a 2.51 goals-allowed average, and posted ninety shutouts. He was an All-Star selection eleven times and had his name inscribed on the Vezina Trophy three times, sharing it with Plante in 1969.

Robert B. Shaver

Boston's Phil Esposito has rewritten the record book for goals and points in a single season.

There are many other candidates for the Hall of Fame who, like Hall, have completed their three-year eligibility period. They include Andy Bathgate, Leo Boivin, Dick Duff, John Ferguson, Camille Henry, Marcel Pronovost, and Claude Provost. Others like Allan Stanley, Bert Olmstead, Johnny Bower, and Pierre Pilote were ignored by the selection committee in recent years.

Eventually, the door will swing open for many of them, as it will for Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito when they retire.

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